LOOKING FORWARD

AT THE present moment the frame of mind of the ordinary American, who is not out of work, is much like that of an amateur golfer whose game has suddenly gone back on him. Experts have tried to tell him that he does not keep his eye on the ball—although he is sure he never lifts his head—that his left shoulder drops, his right hand grip is too tight, and his whole form is lamentable. All this ought to have helped him, but somehow it hasn't. His score remains all shot to pieces. The harder he tries the more he slashes and pulls. The more careful he is on the greens, the more he misses his putts. What can be the matter?

AT SUCH TIMES, the wise golfer usually forgets all his troubles for awhile, takes a week off and reflects that, after all, though golf is his favorite game, it is not the whole of life. He has played well before. He will play well again. Meanwhile, what is he living for? Certainly not just to play golf. How did he ever get so immersed in the game?

IN BUSINESS, as in golf, it is easy to forget the realities of life which make the business game really worth playing—the genuine things for which the business game itself is played; the things without which it would not be worth taking up. It is easy to become so immersed in the game that we forget why it is we are playing it.

CHRISTMAS, however, is the time when to most people the deeper realities of life—love, family, friends, children, are vividly present in their true colors. It is the time when these realities take their proper place in the scheme of our lives and reveal themselves as the things for which we are truly thankful.

IT IS WITH a feeling of sincere gratitude for these things of life that the OUTLOOK wishes all its subscribers and friends the very best of Christmases and the Happiest of New Years.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

VOLUME 156 NUMBER 17

OUTLOOK
and Independent

December 24, 1930

Looking Forward 641

Frontispiece: A cartoon by *Robert James Malone* 642

The Trend of Events 643

Editorial

High Command for Business 650

Backstage in Washington ..... *A. F. C.* 651

Articles

The Penance of Eve Lavallière ..... *Rebecca West* 652
Must We Resort to the Dole? ..... *Guy Greer* 654
Watch Von Seeckt! ..... *T. R. Ybarra* 657
Uncensored Notes on Russia ..... *Stephanie Dillon* 658
The All-America Guessing Bee ..... *John S. Gregory* 661
Balancing Production and Consumption .... *William O. Scroggs* 664
The Stream of Business ..... *Frank A. Fall* 665

The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books 666
Reviewer Joins Unemployed ..... *Frances Lamont Robbins* 666
Books in Brief 666
Behind the Blurbs ..... *Walter R. Brooks* 668
Are Children People? ..... *Florence Guy Seabury* 670
The Theatre ..... *Otis Chatfield-Taylor* 671
The Movies ..... *Creighton Peet* 672
From the Life ..... *Ibby Hall* 673
Willy Pogany ..... *Arthur Strawn* 674
Stokowski Directs the Philharmonic ..... *Marshall Kernochan* 675
With Our Readers 680

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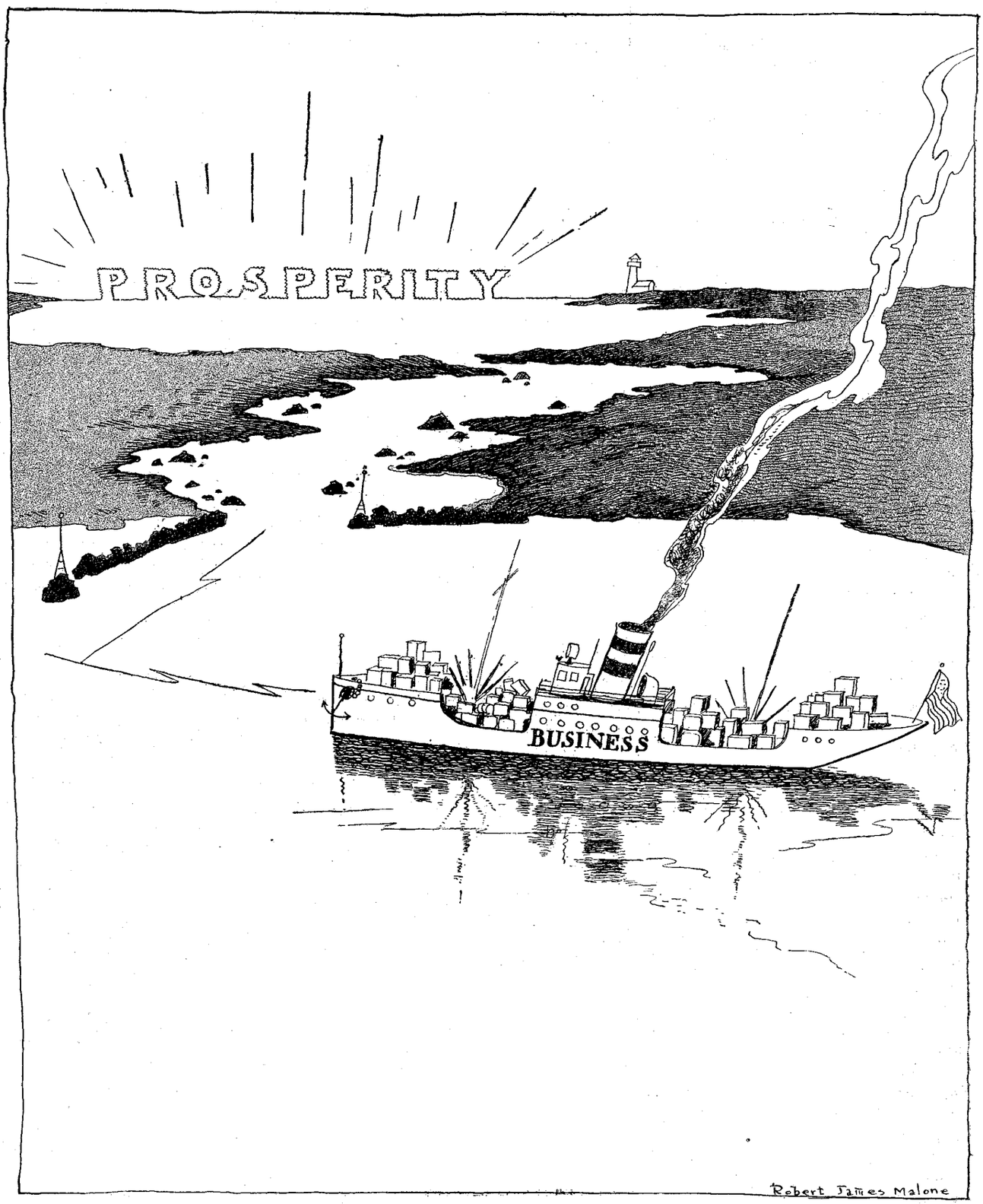

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

December 24, 1930

The Trend of Events

Alcotate

ON DECEMBER 5, as the OUTLOOK pointed out last week, wet members of the House of Representatives sought to stop the use of poisonous denaturants in industrial alcohol, but were unable to do so or even to force a roll-call vote. As we also pointed out last week, the wets will be much stronger in the Congress which meets in December, 1931—strong enough to make dry members who favor the use of poisonous denaturants record their position in a roll-call. It is, therefore, fortunate for many dry legislators that the new non-poisonous denaturant, alcotate, should have been discovered just at this particular time. Now the electorate may never learn the names of those who on December 5 approved the use of denaturants causing blindness and death.

But if alcotate is thus a boon to bone-dry legislators, it is also a boon to the country at large, which every day drinks quantities of denatured alcohol from which the poison has been more or less carelessly removed. The new denaturant, to be used instead of wood alcohol, is made from California petroleum which has undergone the so-called cracking process. While it will not blind or kill, it is literally and figuratively nauseating, with a repulsive smell and the taste of rotten eggs and garlic plus the flavor of gasoline and chloroform.

It is said to be almost impossible to remove alcotate from industrial alcohol. As to that, the country will see what it will see. Bootleggers have had little trouble in removing the government's denaturants hitherto, and they are not likely to confess themselves stumped now. Not, of course, that it makes much difference whether or not alcotate stumps them. Ten years of prohibition have indicated that public demand is the only real check on the supply of intoxicants. If the bootlegger can't make his beverages out of industrial alcohol, he'll make them out of something else.

Drys Oppose Referendum

WITH but few exceptions, the prohibition leaders want no national referendum on the Eighteenth Amendment. They made this perfectly plain at the opening session of the National Temperance Council in Washington on December 8. "Definitely and unequivocally," they opposed "either a binding or a non-binding referendum which would tend either directly or indirectly to weaken or nullify the said prohibition amendment." On December 9 the Methodist Board of Temperance adopted a separate resolution to the same effect. On December 10, the National Conference of [35] Organizations Supporting the Eighteenth Amendment—also meeting in Washington—adopted another.

The dry leaders are realists, as they have often demonstrated. They know that a referendum would end nothing and get us nowhere, would neither still the losers nor satisfy the winners and, unless it were unexpectedly one-sided, would probably change very few votes in Congress. Many Republican Congressmen from Massachusetts are still dry, though their state has voted wet in two referendums. The one way to settle the prohibition question is by voting for satisfactory candidates in elections and party primaries. Even today, drys realize this fact far more clearly than wets. Hence, the association of dry organizations which rejected the referendum plan quickly accepted a plan to create a strategy board to direct the wet-dry contest in 1932. Prohibition leaders know a battlefield when they see one, and they see one in the 1932 elections. Hence they are uniting their forces and otherwise preparing for the coming fray right now. Wet leaders might well vouchsafe them the flattery of imitation.

Bank Suspension

IN THE LATTER PART OF 1929, rumormongering Wall Street buzzed with reports that the Bank of United States was standing on shaky ground. Though the reports died down for a time, they revived two months ago and persisted until November 24, when it was announced that the Bank of United States would merge with the Manufacturers Trust Company, the Public National Bank and Trust Company and the International Trust Company. This, it was assumed, disposed of alarming rumors for good.

But it didn't. On Tuesday, December 9, the 23,000 stockholders and 400,000 depositors of the bank learned that the projected billion-dollar merger had been abandoned. From then on, developments came swiftly. Rumors of disaster spread throughout New York City on Tuesday, anxious lines of depositors formed before several of the bank's threescore branches on Wednesday, and on Wednesday evening representatives of the principal New York banks met in a conference which lasted until four o'clock the following morning and

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ended when the assets of the gasping institution were placed in the hands of the State Superintendent of Banks. As a result the Bank of United States failed to open its doors on Thursday morning.

According to the bank's published statement for September 24, surplus and undivided profits amounted to 17 million dollars, capital to 25 millions, total resources to 254 millions and total deposits to 202 millions. At the time of closing, total deposits were said to amount to 160 millions—indicating the extent of withdrawals since September 24—more than half of them consisting of thrift deposits made by relatively poor people.

There, briefly, is the story of the crash that shook a city which had carelessly assumed that bank suspensions were confined to remote, rural communities. The Bank of United States is the largest bank to suspend payments in the history of the country.

▸▸*After the Crash*

As WASHINGTON hastened to point out, the Bank of United States is in no way connected with the federal government. It was incorporated in 1913 by the late Joseph S. Marcus with a capital of $100,000. Since then its growth, due largely to mergers, has been phenomenal —a thought which may fail to comfort stockholders, who recall the law providing possible double liability for owners of bank shares, and depositors, who are wondering when they will get their money. Because of its close connection with the garment and realty businesses, it has been characterized as "a real estate and cloak and suit bank." The men in the street had known it as "a Jewish bank." Its closing dealt a blow to numbers of small Jewish tradesmen.

At the time of this writing it was not known how solidly the bank's assets were frozen, nor whether some other bank would take it over, nor whether it would be reorganized and reopened or liquidated, nor whether, if liquidated, it would pay one hundred cents on the dollar. The one compensation for depositors lay in the fact that, within ten days after the closing, all twenty-three banks in the New York Clearing House Association were making loans to Bank of United States depositors at five per cent interest, up to fifty per cent of their deposits. Never before in the financial annals of New York have depositors in a closed bank been able to reach even part of their funds with such dispatch.

Fortunately, the after-effects of the crash were not as grave as had been expected. Minor withdrawals on the Manufacturers Trust and the Public National were checked when both were speedily admitted to the narrowly regulated Clearing House Association. Nor were other New York banks seriously affected, though some of them were worried. To the country at large the failure may have been noteworthy chiefly as a sign of the extent of the depression.

Wide World

RECENT ARRIVALS

Professor and Mrs. Albert Einstein, now on a visit to the United States

▸▸*Einstein in America*

PROFESSOR ALBERT EINSTEIN, the man who knows things nobody else knows, has arrived in this country, spent three typical visiting-celebrity days in New York and sailed on to California. He has faced newspaper reporters, cameras, microphones, reception committees and cheering throngs—arriving at City Hall to be greeted by Mayor Walker just after the departure of Knute Rockne. He has parried the inevitable demands for his opinion of America and of prohibition, for definitions of the fourth dimension in one word and of the theory of relativity in one sentence. He has delivered messages of tactful tribute to the United States and of encouragement to the Jews in Palestine, and has offered definite, if somewhat impractical, advice to the pacifists in a bristling world on how to war aggressively for peace. He has turned out to be a delightful little man with humorous brown eyes and a shock of gray hair. America was prepared to go mad over Einstein and is happy to be allowed to do so. It would like to elect him President or at least to give his name to a new non-intoxicating beverage.

America loves Einstein. Because it understands his genius or what it represents? Not at all. There is no reason why it should, no possibility that it could. It loves Einstein for the reason that children in an audience love the magician on the stage who wears black robes and a tall hat decked with stars: because he deals in the incomprehensible. Add to this the fact that Einstein has proved himself a man of personal charm and enkindling humanity, and how can we fail to capitulate?

The great scientist was well-advised to be so kindly. The reception was boisterous but well-meant. He has been in no way cheapened or misrepresented. And undoubtedly he has been vastly amused.

▸▸*World Court Issue*

PRESIDENT HOOVER submitted the World Court protocols to the Senate in a message of less than 400 words, saying just about everything that needed to be said for American adherence. Recalling that in 1926 the Senate gave consent to adherence with five reservations and that these had been properly embodied in the protocols, he suggested that the Senate consider the protocols as soon as possible after disposing of appropriation and emergency relief measures. Mr. Hoover was certain that the protocols safeguarded the United States from entanglement in the diplomacy of other nations. "We cannot be summoned before this court," he pointed out. "We can from time to time seek its services by agreement with other nations. These protocols permit our withdrawal from the court at any time without reproach or ill-will."

The President's assurances did not allay opposition in the Senate. Nor were pro-court Senators spurred to action by his recountal of how the movement to establish the court had originated in

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this country and had been supported by Presidents Wilson, Harding and Coolidge, Secretaries of State Hughes, Kellogg and Stimson. Anti-court Republicans, notably Chairman Borah of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, began manoeuvres to defeat the protocols, apparently by burying them in that committee. Into this scheme they hope to drag a number of pro-court Democrats loath to stir up a Senate fight which might lead to an extra session of Congress.

Thus, within twenty-four hours after Mr. Hoover submitted the protocols, the move to postpone consideration until the next Congress was being supported by Senator Swanson of Virginia, senior Democrat and foremost champion of the court on the Committee on Foreign Relations. Should the combination of resourceful anti-court and timid pro-court Senators effect a postponement, President Hoover should call the Senate of the next Congress into special session after the adjournment of this Congress on March 4. Ratification of the court protocols should not be delayed until the Senate of the next Congress convenes in regular session in December, 1931.

▶▶*Keeping Score*

THE WIDESPREAD IMPRESSION that Congress is running wild in its appropriations for drought and unemployment relief hardly squares with the facts. Doubtless it is traceable to President Hoover's warning in his opening address to Congress against measures introduced under the guise of emergency relief. Eight days later Mr. Hoover issued a statement denouncing bills which, if passed, would increase expenditures beyond the sums which he had recommended. While granting that the leaders of both parties in Congress were cooperating to prevent any such event, he declared that proponents of these schemes were "playing politics at the expense of human misery." Without considering congressional replies to that statement (some demanding apologies from Mr. Hoover), let us see how far Congress has really wandered from the straight and narrow path laid out by the President himself.

Mr. Hoover asked that 150 million dollars be appropriated to accelerate federal construction projects so as to increase employment. While the Senate was criticizing this measure the House pared it down to 110 millions and sent it along to the Senate which added another 8 millions, off which Senate and House conferees lopped two millions. Score, on unemployment relief: President, 150 millions; Congress, 116 millions.

Again, Mr. Hoover asked that 30 million dollars be appropriated for loans to farmers for the purchase of seed and feed for animals in drought areas. The Senators, thinking that farmers might wish to feed their families as well as their stock, promptly approved a measure raising this sum to 60 millions. That the Representatives might follow the same course was indicated when the administration forces were soundly beaten in an attempt to railroad the 30 million dollar measure through the House without giving the members a chance to vote on the Senate's proposition. Score on drought relief: President, 30 millions; Congress, 60 millions (or less).

Keystone

FAST GIRL

Ruth Nichols, who recently flew from Los Angeles to New York in 13 hours and 22 minutes

From all of which we may conclude that Congress is about to appropriate a maximum of 176 millions instead of the 180 millions asked by Mr. Hoover. Does that look as if Congress were running wild?

▶▶*Along Came Ruth*

WHAT male aviator with laurels of his own will begrudge Ruth Nichols the crown she won with her 2,500-mile flight from Los Angeles to New York on December 9th and 10th? Not cannonball Captain Hawks, whose trancontinental flying-time record was but 57 minutes faster than Miss Nichols' 13 hours and 22 minutes. Not Colonel Lindbergh, whose flying time over the same course last spring was an hour and 23 minutes slower. Not the rank and file of competent aviators, none of whom has flown at equal speed—nearly 200 miles an hour—for an equal distance.

Some commentators would disqualify Miss Nichols for staying over night at Wichita, recalling that Hawks and Lindbergh came through to New York in one day. But to stress technical objections of that kind might be to dismiss Colonel Lindbergh's flight because his wife was along, Captain Hawks' flight because he made three stops instead of one. The fact is, Miss Nichols picked one of the worst flying months of the year and, traveling high (often at altitudes of from ten to twenty thousand feet), conquered snow, sleet, fog, headwinds and crosswinds. Despite her much-mentioned diploma from Wellesley and social position at Rye, New York, this Ruth is a full-fledged aviator, not just another aviatrickster.

▶▶*Disarmament Suggestions*

THE League of Nations Covenant was drawn in 1919 with three of its twenty-six articles pledging the "reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national security." After a delay of seven years, the League Council created a preparatory commission to work out a program for a general conference on land, sea and air armaments. The commission, convening at Geneva in May, 1926, dillydallied through four years of fruitless meetings before opening a final session on November 6, 1930. Out of this session, adjourned on December 9, has come a treaty framework upon which specific disarmament planks may—or may not—be nailed by a general conference which may—or may not—meet in 1932.

The 12,000-word framework neither limits nor reduces armaments. It merely suggests what armaments might be limited by the general conference and what limitation methods might be used. Thus it proposes that limits be set for

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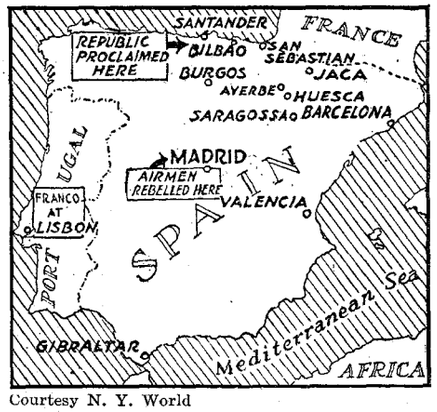
each nation's land, sea and air personnel—rejecting, however, the highly important principle of limiting the number of trained reserves or of conscripts annually called to the colors. It proposes to limit the quantity of, and the expenditures for, naval materials; to limit the quantity of, but not the expenditures for, air materials, and to limit the expenditures for, but not the quantity of, land materials. It accepts the principle of exchanging information on armaments and makes provision for a permanent disarmament commission to disseminate this information and supervise the enforcement of any agreement reached at the conference.



Courtesy N. Y. World

Area of the revolt

The implications of these proposals are not to be over-estimated. With reservations attached to nearly all the important articles, they represent nothing more than the views of a majority of the commission. Unanimity, of course, will be necessary for the final adoption of specific measures. Again, should such measures eventuate, there is a safeguarding clause allowing any nation whose security is menaced to suspend them at will. Hence, while it may prove difficult to nail specific planks on the framework, if the general conference accepts the safeguarding clause it may prove even more difficult to prevent these planks from being torn off in real or fancied emergencies.

▸▸*Their Significance*

THE closing day of the disarmament proceedings at Geneva produced the novel scene of commissioners criticizing the work of their own commission. There was Anatole Lunatcharski, chief of the Soviet delegation, declaring that the treaty framework was "a futile document." There was Lord Cecil of Chelwood, chief of the British delegation, regretting that the conscription system had not been disapproved. There were the Germans, hoping that the general conference would be more sympathetic toward their drastic disarmament proposals than the preparatory commission had been. There were the French, still talking of their inability to disarm without guarantees of security.

There, finally, was Ambassador Gibson, chief of the American delegation. "I should not be frank," he said, "if I did not say that this draft falls far short of our hopes and expectations. It fails to contain many factors in which we have believed and which in our opinion would lead to real reduction of armaments." Ambassador Gibson noted the commission's refusal to propose limitation of land materials by quantity, warned against creating too great expectations in a hopeful world, and predicted that the general disarmament conference would produce little more than the stabilization of national armaments.

The really significant point protruded from Lord Cecil's statement that "within the framework of this draft we can carry out any scheme of disarmament whatever, however radical." Here, unintentionally, he indicated the unimportance of the work just completed at Geneva. Should a general arms conference be held in 1932, disarmament may be carried as far, twice as far or a tenth as far as the Geneva framework envisages.

The work of a general conference will depend upon the mood of the delegates, their governments and their publics at the time the conference is held. Should the delegates wish to limit conscription, for instance, they will not find the preparatory commission's disfavor any barrier at all. Should the French delegates oppose limiting expenditures for army materials, they will not be coerced by the commission's endorsement of that project. As a practical matter, the preparatory commission's disarmament proposals amount to very little. They're just a few suggestions.

▸▸*Revolt in Spain*

THE LONG-HERALDED REVOLT in Spain pitched Spanish soldiers against Spanish soldiers for the first time in forty-four years. Yet it was a short-lived rebellion that started on December 12 in the barracks at the walled city of Jaca, the "Verdun of Spain," guarding a mountain pass from France into the old province of Aragon. Within twenty-four hours loyal artillerymen had shattered a column of rebels on the march to Barcelona and sent them scurrying back to Jaca and the fastnesses of the Pyrenees. Within a few more hours the loyalists reoccupied Jaca, captured several hundred rebels, tore down their red, black and yellow flag and executed two of their military leaders, hardy Spaniards who received church rites, refused blindfolds and gave their own commands to the firing squad.

The government of King Alfonso XIII did not stop with this grim action, so strikingly different from Queen Maria Christina's leniency toward the leaders of the republican revolt of 1886. With Premier Berenguer believing that the rebellion was part of a nation-wide movement to overthrow the monarch, the government prepared to cope with general strikes, particularly at Madrid, Barcelona and Seville, where labor trouble had produced disorders but a few weeks before. Two regiments of the Spanish Foreign Legion were recalled from Morocco, anti-monarchists were arrested and quantities of arms were seized in several cities, while the guards were doubled at the palace in Madrid and others were thrown around the city's water, electricity and gas plants. Similar precautions were taken in other key cities.

The basis of the unrest was described

Keystone

COMBATS UPRISING
General Damaso Berenguer, Premier of Spain

as dissatisfaction with King Alfonso's reign, heightened by the severity of the six years under the dictatorship of the

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late Primo de Rivera. The basis of the King's strength was a monarchical tradition and an army whose loyalty the government has shrewdly sought to strengthen in a year of unrest which has seen many a dictatorial government go down the chute.

Airmen's Uprising

KING ALFONSO found special need for a loyal army on December 15 when a second rebellion was precipitated almost in the shadow of the Royal Palace. Led by Major Ramon Franco, transatlantic flier and escaped political prisoner, 500 aviation officers and enlisted men revolted at the Cuatro Vientos (Four Winds) military airport, near Madrid. Seizing fourteen army planes, smearing red paint over their royal markings and taking four aloft, the rebels flooded Madrid with pamphlets proclaiming a republic and threatening to bomb the barracks unless the troops joined the revolution. Five thousand artillerymen and infantrymen answered with a bombardment of the airdrome and a charge of bayonets, forcing the rebels to surrender, though Major Franco escaped to Portugal by air.

Major Franco's dictum (also heard at Bilbao on the Bay of Biscay) that Alcala Zamora was to be president of the republic caused less concern than the sporadic outbreaks and continued threats of general strikes. With Senor Zamora, a member of the 1923 Cabinet, already in jail, Premier Berenguer turned his hand to the general situation. Martial law was proclaimed for all Spain, a general mobilization order was issued and additional legionnaires were recalled from Morocco. At this writing a strict censorship instituted by Premier Berenguer hides the extent of the revolt in Spain although Paris and London newspapers were reporting "official information" that the insurgents were gaining the upper hand. The censorship also makes it impossible to discover and weigh the justice of the rebels' specific complaints.

Steeg Succeeds Tardieu

THE MANOEUVRES leading to the overthrow of Premier Tardieu on December 4 were as complicated as those which preceded the formation of a new Cabinet ten days later. The complexities of both reached back to the 1928 election which balanced French Right and Left on a knife. Succeeding Raymond Poincaré as Premier in October, 1929, André Tardieu held on precariously until February, when he was toppled by the Left, which he in turn toppled in March and out-manoeuvred until the July adjournment of Parliament gave him a breathing spell.

The convening of Parliament in November found Tardieu in a less stable position. His foes were concentrating on the Senate where his support was weakest. Moreover, two developments —the business depression and the Oustric affair—were beginning to jut out of the mass of petty grievances shaking the heterogeneous element which formed his support. Albert Oustric, a former Paris waiter, had skyrocketed to wealth in ten years, involving important politicians in schemes which, when they burst, forced the resignation of Raoul Peret, French Minister of Justice. Although Premier Tardieu successfully defended Peret before the Chamber of Deputies, the resignation under fire dramatized the fight in the Senate. Then, too, there was the depression, which, just beginning in France, has brought fears unallayed by her tremendous gold balances and memories of recent prosperity.

Underwood

THIRD CHOICE

Senator Theodore Steeg, former Resident General of Morocco, forms new French cabinet

The 147-139 vote against Tardieu turned all eyes to Poincaré. When the former Premier and war President said he was too ill to attempt to form another cabinet, Senators Louis Barthou and Pierre Laval tried their hands and failed. Whereupon President Doumergue called upon Senator Theodore Steeg. Within thirty-six hours Senator Steeg announced his Cabinet, which included five former Premiers, among them Aristide Briand, Foreign Minister under Tardieu. Leaning to the Left as much as Tardieu's Ministry did to the Right, the new Cabinet possessed no more stability than the old. At this writing its tenure of office seemed to depend upon Tardieu himself, who had given no indication of how he will swing his balance of power.

Stokowski-ism

IN THE name of common sense, in the name of that much-put-upon individual, the American concertgoer, let us have an end of Stokowski-ism. It was Leopold Stokowski, talented and theatrical conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, who popularized the custom of bulldozing the audience. Stokowski has warned his audiences not to hiss, not to applaud, and not to enter a moment late on pain of being obliged to stand in the lobby until intermission. (See, for example, "Stokowski Directs the Philharmonic" on page 675 of this issue.) To rebuke late-comers, he has even played an entire program with members of the orchestra straggling on and off the stage.

If reports from Washington are trustworthy, José Iturbi, Spanish pianist, broke into a rash of Stokowski-ism during a recent morning musicale at the Mayflower Hotel. One member of his audience, which included Mrs. Hoover and several Ambassadors and their wives, was unable to repress a coughing spell. Iturbi, annoyed, therefore gave an exhibition of abominable manners by stopping in the middle of a sonata and waiting until the lady, frightfully embarrassed, weeping, and coughing still, left the room. We have heard enough —far too much—of the rudeness of audiences toward performers, though no sensible person coughs at a concert unless he has to. It is time now to dwell on the rudeness of performers toward audiences—in short, on Stokowski-ism —and to stop it before it spreads any further.

It might have gone hard with Iturbi had he displayed his bad manners in Europe, which does not share America's inferiority complex toward the arts. It should have gone hard with him in Washington. We are sorry to learn that Iturbi himself did not have a coughing spell before he finished the sonata, and sorry to learn that his audience did not walk out on him. Unless audiences as a

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whole rebuke bad manners, they will encourage the formation of disciplinary committees which will interrupt the performances of offending virtuosi by throwing dead cats, uttering resonant raspberries, exploding firecrackers and otherwise acting as objectionably as they know how. This might work temporary hardship on other members of the audience, but in the long run it would be for their own good. In the long run it would enable them to attend concerts without danger of being inconvenienced, rebuked or insulted by performers who have developed their egos at the expense of their manners and sense of proportion.

▸▸*The Unemployed*

THE Census Bureau has reported that on April 1, 1930, there were 756,000 unemployed men and women in twenty-five states, the District of Columbia and the cities of Buffalo, Rochester and Philadelphia. Although the population of this territory is more than 42 millions, the figures do not accurately indicate the number of the unemployed in the nation as a whole. Since April 1, the army of the idle has grown considerably. Again, the survey excludes such industrial states as New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan and Illinois. In fact, except for Delaware, Maryland and West Virginia, every state in the list is predominantly agricultural, hence less stricken by unemployment though no less stricken by the depression. Ignoring this distinction and noting merely that the survey covers a third of the nation's population, one might set the total number of the unemployed at 2,200,000. No less sensibly one might use the count of 84,000 unemployed in Philadelphia as a basis for concluding that there were 5,500,000 unemployed in the nation. The latter guess, in fact, would probably come nearer the mark than the former.

Even in the territory it covers, the April 1 enumeration does not offer an accurate count of the number of the unemployed at present. It does not tell how many people have lost jobs in the eight months since the enumerators were making their rounds. Neither does it include those who are employed but a few hours a week. These considerations suggest that the Census Bureau's figures will not be of great value even when completed for all forty-eight states. Nor, probably, will there be much greater value in the new tabulation which the Census Bureau plans to start on January 15 and which will give a cross-section of the unemployment situation based on returns from 20 representative cities. Though the depression is now more than a year old, even today we do not know how many Americans wish to work and cannot.

▸▸*For the Navy*

IN OUR issue of October 22 we ridiculed reports from Washington leaving the impression that Secretary Adams was presenting the country with a smaller

Underwood

ADMIRAL WILLIAM V. PRATT

and less expensive navy. The $3,440,000 savings then planned through retirement of vessels and reduction in personnel recalled the Navy General Board's estimate that it will cost the United States $989,460,000 to reach the maximum strength permitted by the London naval treaty. We observed that Congress would soon be asked for appropriations which would make the $3,440,000 look piffling. Actual economy, we said, would be represented, not by these three millions, but by the difference, if any, between $989,460,000 and the sum actually spent for the navy from 1931 to 1936.

The much-advertised savings began to seem small even before Congress convened. Before our issue of October 29 the navy had let the contract for a new aircraft carrier costing 19 million dollars. Within a week after the opening of Congress, however, the navy began to talk about real money. On December 8 the House received the first naval building program proposing the construction of 17 cruisers, destroyers and submarines, one aircraft carrier, a batch of airplanes and a dirigible base on the Pacific Coast at a total cost of $139,635,000. On the same day the Senate authorized the modernization of three battleships at a cost of 30 millions. At six per cent, interest on these two items would eat up the $3,440,000 savings in four months and two days.

One dim hope of naval economy—the first hope advanced—was nevertheless held out by Admiral William V. Pratt, chief of naval operations, who believes that Congress should authorize the construction of all the ships needed to bring the navy up to the treaty tonnage, but explains that the navy plans to delay spending some of the 989 million dollars (how much he did not say) until after 1936. Because, he said, the navy wishes to test new experimental types of aircraft carriers, "flying-deck" cruisers, and battleships which combine great gun power with machinery launching bombs from the air at targets hundreds of miles distant. The thought of the navy experimenting and saving money at the same time is both unusual and refreshing.

▸▸*Senator Morrison*

THE appointment of Cameron Morrison to succeed the late Senator Overman of North Carolina marks the end of an eventful chapter in Tar Heel politics. After March 4 North Carolina will have two new Senators in Washington. Morrison's colleague will be Senator-elect Bailey, who defeated Senator Simmons in the Democratic primary last June as the result of Simmons' bolt from Smith in 1928. The Simmons-Overman régime began nearly thirty years ago, after the two men had wrestled their state from Republican-Negro control and taken over Republican seats in the Senate, Mr. Simmons in 1901 and Mr. Overman two years later. Serving together through term after term, they became the veterans of the Senate, known especially for their power during the Wilson administrations.

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In Morrison and Bailey North Carolina will have a colorful pair of Senators, neither of whom has ever served in any other legislative body. As young lawyers (Morrison, the older of the two, is but sixty-one) they learned politics from Senator-Dictator Simmons and served as cogs in his political machine—Morrison as a vigorous, verbose, tobacco-chewing campaigner, Bailey as a clever manager with a religious following and a flair at writing speeches for Simmons himself. While Bailey declined to take political plums from his chief, Morrison went on to the Governor's mansion at Raleigh in 1920, the Simmons machine pulling him through a fierce campaign with 200 more votes than his opponent, the present Governor Gardner. It is one of the ironies of politics that Simmons, who is to be replaced by one former lieutenant, will have to serve two months with another former lieutenant appointed by Gardner, the despised rebel of 1920.

Of greater significance to the national Democratic party is the fact that both Senator Morrison and Senator-elect Bailey are drys who, unlike Simmons and Overman, actively campaigned for Governor Smith in 1928. Thus North Carolina has reverted to pre-1928 normalcy, with two Senators who are drys, to be sure, but drys second and Democrats first.

▶▶*Nobel Prize Address*

For his warmly received address before the Swedish Academy at Stockholm, Sinclair Lewis chose to criticize an American habit of thought—a field in which he is impressively at home. Industrialism, finance and science flourish in America, Mr. Lewis said, but the only art that is vital and respected is architecture. Most Americans "are still afraid of any literature which is not a glorification of everything American." Thus there were many objections when he was awarded this year's Nobel prize in literature, though his "most anarchistic assertions have been that America, with all her wealth and power, has not yet produced a civilization good enough to satisfy the deeper cries of human creatures."

Among the objectors was Henry van Dyke, who as a writer "is chiefly known for pleasant essays on the joys of fishing." Dr. van Dyke is a leading member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. But that body, Mr. Lewis said, is a perfect example of the habit of thought he was discussing—the divorce of intellectual life from all our standards of importance and reality. The Academy does not, for example, include Theodore Dreiser, who has "cleared the trail from Victorian, Howellsian timidity and gentility in American fiction to honesty, boldness and passion of life." Or Eugene O'Neill, who has transformed the American drama "from a false world of neat and competent trickery to a world of splendor, fear and greatness." Or H. L. Mencken, "our most vivid critic." Or any of the several others whom Mr. Lewis calls "the great men and women in American literary life today." An academy which thus "cuts itself off from what is living, vigorous and original in American letters can have no relationship whatever to our life and aspirations."

So with American universities, which in the arts are far from reality and living creation. "Our American professors like their literature clear, cold, pure and very dead." The American novelist, therefore, must work alone, without help from academies, or universities. He will be well paid, said Mr. Lewis—and it is for Americans to examine their consciences and see whether the indictment to follow is sound. That writer is a failure "who cannot have a butler and a motor and a villa at Palm Beach, where he is often permitted to mingle almost in equality with the barons of banking. But he is oppressed ever by something worse than poverty, by a feeling that what he creates does not matter; that he is expected by his readers to be only a decorator or a clown, or that he is good-naturedly accepted as a scoffer whose bark is probably worse than his bite and who probably is a good fellow at heart; that he does not count in a land that produces eighty-story buildings, motors by the million and wheat by the billions of bushels."

Remarkable Remarks

When people talk of free will they talk plain nonsense. — Clarence Darrow.

The taxpayers must pay.—Calvin Coolidge.

Pessimism deepens pessimism; optimism raises optimism.—Chancellor Philip Snowden.

Go home, be optimistic, and prosperity will come. — Charles M. Schwab.

Oh, yes, Morrow, I can't understand him. He knows nothing of the business and industrial world.—Thomas A. Edison.

If you are crazy enough to go on the stage, you would be crazy not to, but you must be crazy.—Sophie Tucker.

The Venus de Milo is much more remarkable than a real woman with a wrap around her body.—Bernard Shaw.

Let us pay no attention to this Freudian nonsense about repressions. Parts of us were made to be repressed.—Dean William Ralph Inge.

Women like to have their thinking done for them.—Dr. Joseph Collins.

▶▶*Strike at Danville*

Resigning as Secretary of Labor on December 1, James J. Davis advised President Hoover that the nation's one outstanding industrial dispute was at Danville, Virginia. There four thousand members of the United Textile Workers' Union, employees of the Dan River and Riverside mills, had been on strike since September 28. Agents of Secretary Davis had failed to effect a settlement and Danville promised to produce the disorders of a Marion or Gastonia.

Within ten days after William N. Doak became Secretary of Labor, the predicted disorders were raging. On December 8 a police riot squad arrested forty-five strikers and used tear bombs to disperse several thousand others assembled in front of the Riverside mill. On December 11 nine of these strikers were fined and sent to jail. Meanwhile, other riot squads were patrolling Danville's streets, the mill management was moving to evict forty-seven union leaders from company houses, and state militiamen, barely out of their teens, were driving pickets from mill gates at the nearby village of Schoolfield. On December 12 the mill owners announced that they were prepared for a "finish fight" and that they would neither recognize the textile union nor accept any offer of mediation or arbitration. Simultaneously the union and its parent-body, the American Federation of Labor, completed plans for a nation-wide appeal for funds for the strikers.

With the mill owners strongly entrenched and the strikers determined to gain recognition of their union, the signs point to a long and distressing

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struggle. Here, then, is a shining opportunity for Secretary Doak to step forward and, despite the mill owners' announcement, offer his services as arbitrator. A union man known for his work as a mediator, a native of Virginia born less than a hundred miles west of Danville, Mr. Doak should understand Southern labor and Southern problems, as—many Southerners insist—most Northerners do not. Moreover, the mill owners could recall that Mr. Doak was named to the Cabinet against the Federation's wishes. Should the offer be made and accepted, Mr. Doak would enhance his prestige by solving a problem which baffled his predecessor. Should the offer be rejected, we would learn once and for all that Southern mill owners are as obstinate as they appear.

▶▶*In Brief*

SOMETIMES the ironist's job seems the easiest in existence, since he has but to steady the pen while life does the work with it. Thus the newspapers report that Count ("Sea Devil") Felix von Luckner, after coming through the World War without a scratch, has been seriously injured in an automobile accident . . . . Suggested wall motto for the White House and Capitol: Senator Borah's statement, "For God's sake get something done to feed the people who are hungry." . . . . Whitney Warren has lost his fight over the inscription on the balustrade of the Louvain Library. American tourists, therefore, will be unable to read the words "Furore Teutonico Diruta: Dono Americano Restituta" next summer and ask one another what the devil they mean. . . . It is apparent to Senator Watson that the business situation "is not improving as rapidly as we had hoped for, due, perhaps, to the uncertainty among business men as to the character of legislation that might be imposed upon them." Or, perhaps, due to something else entirely. . . . We dare say cynics will stop scoffing at the value of the higher education once they learn that twenty-three members of the Notre Dame All-Stars, who played in New York on December 14, hold coaching positions at various colleges. . . . If we were the New York Anti-Saloon League, instead of being the direct opposite, we would go rather light on the assertion that "Governor Roosevelt is one of the most dangerous men to the prohibition cause in this country."

High Command for Business

An Editorial

FOR AS MANY CENTURIES as we have record of, man has been trying to prove himself master of his destiny. His success has been noticeable, but not impressive. Either he has not been at it long enough to make a real impression on so huge a task, or else there are factors in the job which he has not sufficiently taken into account. At any rate, the year 1930 has not been a banner year in the destiny business. In fact, in the capitalistic countries of the world, the search for material security has once more proved vain, and the necessity of living life adventurously and self-reliantly has again been sufficiently demonstrated. In Russia, a forced social order has been chiselled out of poverty. But such are the rules in that country that the game has hardly seemed worth the candle. There as elsewhere in the economic world, destiny has continued to be elusive, life a gamble and fate not yet brought to heel.

The urge to perfection, nevertheless, remains—the desire for security, order and plenty all excellently arranged. In the American business world, particularly, the idea is gradually being brought home that we have not been doing so well with our destiny as we should. Of individual leadership we have had plenty, as is amply demonstrated by our great successful corporations. But of national, far-seeing business leaders, we have suffered a deficiency, as is well enough proved by our failure to foresee the depression, by our inability to recognize it for what it was once it had put in its appearance, and by our helplessness in disposing of it once it had settled down with us. In the business world, destiny has been clearly master of man since October, 1929. Man has played the lesser rôle. To quote Dr. Glenn Frank's address at the recent meeting of Life Insurance Presidents: "Our panicky present is the result of our planless past."

Is anything going to be done about this situation at present? Can anything be done about it?

Well, certainly not by government. To Americans the failure of government in the economic field has been clearly demonstrated by the flat inability of the Farm Board, admittedly composed of able men backed by money, to do anything at all with the farm problem except advise the farmers to get together and help themselves. Political governments, as distinguished from economic governments like Russia's, have been pretty well discredited this past year as masters of men's economic destiny.

There remain then the leaders of the business world itself—men heretofore well and sufficiently occupied with the pressing affairs of their own business. Do these men recognize the challenge? Do they propose to do anything about it? The answer is yes. Said Thomas L. Chadbourne, the New York lawyer who represented Cuban-American Sugar interests in the recent effort to solve the world sugar crisis:

"The sugar industry is not alone in suffering from the selfish greed of its constitutent parts. All industries have transgressed good economic laws and there is, as a result, enormous overproduction in practically all world commodities. And what has that resulted in? In an unemployment situation unthought of a year ago, and unheard of for generations if ever before. What I meant when I said that we were trying a bigger case than the sugar case was that the capitalistic system is on trial. If you think that the people who are running the industries of the world can by reason of this greed bring about such depressions as this, and then not promptly take steps to mend them, no matter what the sacrifice may be to individuals, you are mistaken. We cannot get away with it. The people who are suffering from it will challenge our system just as inevitably as the earth goes around the sun."

At the recent meeting of world business leaders in Paris, at the International Chamber of Commerce, the clear majority opinion was that industries themselves, in other words business, and not governments, will produce eventually the leaders who will take us out of the present world crisis. To pin it down to the United States—what is needed at the present moment is simply for some group of men, recognized and trusted by the business community, to come forward with a definite plan to organize, into what might be called a general staff of business, the American industrial leaders who are coming to this point of view. Certainly

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only by assembling and co-ordinating the brains and information of our industrial elements to the point where genuine collective leadership can unite on a broad plan for the future—only through some such step can our present economic problems be progressively solved. Unless some such step is taken, it is clear that we shall continue to remain at the mercy of our business destiny so long as our present economic civilization endures.

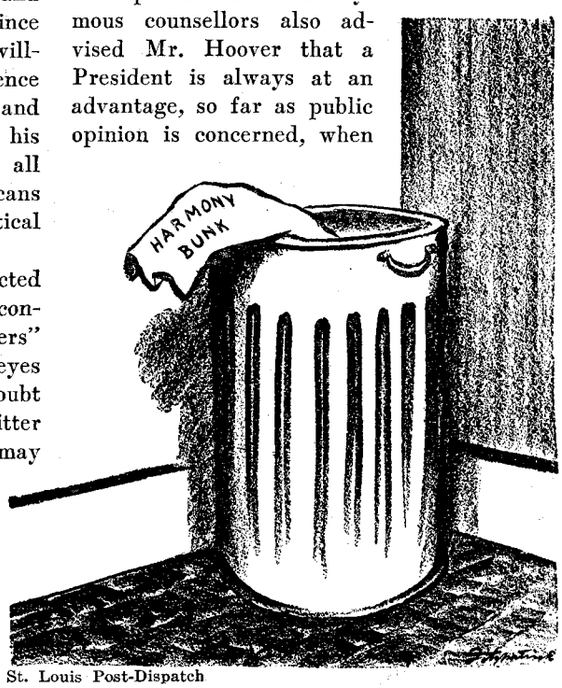
Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE THINK it unfortunate that President Hoover's friends urged him to develop—or manifest—a more Napoleonic spirit at the selfsame moment that the United States Senate decided to play the part of non-partisan Santa Claus to the needy and the unemployed this Christmas season. It is these conflicting forces, set in motion separately but simultaneously, that precipitated as violent a collision between Senate and White House as we have seen since Woodrow Wilson denounced the "willful twelve." The principal difference between the Wilsonian denunciation and Mr. Hoover's is that the latter, to his subsequent discomfiture, included all ninety-six Senators, both Republicans and Democrats, in his hall of political infamy.

Although the contest was conducted in the headlines, Mr. Hoover's "unconstitutional running to the newspapers" being his most grievous sin in the eyes of the boys on Capitol Hill, we doubt if the general public realizes how bitter and far-reaching the dispute is and may be. Despite predictions that Mr. Hoover will emerge as the forlorn figure of a Napoleon retreating from Moscow, we are informed that he means to continue his belaboring of the legislative "raiders on the public treasury." To casual callers as well as to Vice-President Curtis and several friendly Senators, including National Chairman Fess of Ohio and Mr. Walcott of Connecticut, the President has confided his sorrows. For weeks he has fretted and fumed over the unfriendliness and indifference which his party leaders in the Senate have shown to him and to his legislative program. Though we can hardly blame him, it is a fact for which we can vouch on the word of a score of Senators that Mr. Hoover has, ever since he took office, either failed to ask their advice or disregarded it when it was volunteered. His has, as ever, been a one-man army; indeed, he did not even honor his associates by conscripting them into his service. For this reason we do not think that undue responsibility for the present sad and sour state of affairs can be attributed to the Senate. It is, "Sunny Jim" Watson informs us, somewhat difficult to defend a President who will not ask advice, not to mention taking it.

It was, as we suggest, at this moment that the President's unknown advisers recommended that he take the public into the confidence he withheld from his own spokesmen. The anonymous counsellors also advised Mr. Hoover that a President is always at an advantage, so far as public opinion is concerned, when he attacks the Senate. These suggestions sounded good to Mr. Hoover, who, as Food Administrator and as Cabinet member, had ever found it helpful to mobilize public sentiment behind his philanthropic and profitable ventures on behalf of such contrasting groups as those in distress or desire for expansion of foreign markets. So the President sounded off in a big way. We happen to know that he thought he had at last discovered a means to place his political enemies at a disadvantage and pose as a Rooseveltian figure. As he read his now famous statement to the press, we are told that he exhibited all the characteristics of an emancipated and uninhibited man. He resorted to vigorous language, as the pronouncement itself testifies; he spoke with a sharp and assertive accent; he looked his hearers in their collective eyeballs; he concluded by slamming the mimeographed document blusteringly on his desk. Behind him, we understand, the adoring Walter Newton, political adviser extraordinary, danced from one bay window to the other, grins all over his stolid countenance, as if to say, "I told you all along that this man was a reincarnated Napoleon." There were then, we hear, the same vigor and vim in the presidential household that Knute Rockne of Notre Dame inspires in his football charges before a tough game or between the halves. If only for the sake of historical and psychological records, we wish we knew who it is—we suspect Representative Franklin Fort of New Jersey—that served as the President's hard-boiled mentor in this whole incident.



St. Louis Post-Dispatch

First thing Congress turned out

We regret to record that the reaction expected by the President did not occur on Capitol Hill. Never admirers of the Chief Executive, for reasons in addition to those we have listed that are all too well known, Republican Senators resented Mr. Hoover's action as well as the manner of it. Minority Leader "Joe" Robinson, who had silently suffered insults as a "White House tool," seized this pretext to break the holy alliance between himself and the Administration. So effectively did the Arkansan put the President in his place, and assign the onus for creation of bad feeling to the White House, that even "Dave" Reed of Pennsylvania, ever proper and politically minded, was content to rest the Senate's cause in Robinson's well chosen words. In fact, we understand the Pennsylvanian commented by remarking that "There may be less yapping now," but we would not be prepared to state which end of the Avenue he was thinking of. Majority Leader Watson, we learn, dismissed the incident with a less cryptic statement. We do not care to repeat his curious comment, for apparently we have a much greater respect for the presidency than Mr. Hoover's own partisans entertain. However, we must confess our genuine amazement at the great engineer's flaunting of all danger signals.

A. F. C.

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The Penance of Eve Lavallière

By REBECCA WEST

Browsing in a book shop in the Midi, Miss West picked up a book called *The Life and Letters of Eve Lavallière*,—"almost the only contemporary work which illustrates the true religious tradition of France. It tells a tale that is universal, that might have been told in any country and in any age." Here follow her comments on the life of Eve Lavallière.

ON ALL Fools' Day in 1866, at Toulon, was born a child called Eugénie-Marie-Pascaline. Her parents belonged to that terrifying class, the Italian immigrants who flock into the Midi. Always in Italy I have an uneasy feeling that I am surrounded by people who are old in their hearts, who still know passion but have burned out all sentiment of the kind that binds and weakens me. When I am in Provence I know that feeling is right. I can understand those forgetting their country who have crossed a wide sea and dwelt in exile for a long time; but I cannot understand those who can walk across a frontier and throw in their lot with their historic enemies, while the mountains of their native land shine at them across the bay. Never do they look over their shoulders, these cold-hearted children, whose eyes and voices as they sit at their café tables nevertheless claim that in some respects they are even fiery-hearted.

Of this breed, indeterminate in temperature, was Eugénie-Marie-Pascaline's father. He was hot enough in his love for his wife, he was cold enough not to shrink from inflicting extreme bodily pain upon her. The narrow grey streets that run down to the harbour of Toulon are channels as choked with violent living as the alleys of Naples; loitering along them Eugénie-Marie-Pascaline must have learned strange things, but nothing stranger than she learned at home. Murder was the final instruction. The family moved to Perpignan. One evening, when she was about fourteen, her father shot her mother, who fell mortally wounded. He then turned on his daughter, who escaped him by jumping through a first floor window onto the ground. At that he shot himself.

Eugénie-Marie-Pascaline, "now an orphan," as her biographer rather redundantly comments at this point, was taken in hand by a pious and extremely unkind aunt. However, when she was about sixteen, she ran away, and in the environs of Nice encountered an agreeable stranger who took her to Paris. There the desire to go on the stage, which she had felt since her childhood, became a passion. Other agreeable strangers treated her to lessons in diction and singing, and saw to it that she got engagements in second-rate café-concerts. At last, when she was twenty-four, she was given a part at the *Variétés;* and then it was that she took the name of Eve Lavallière. There never was a more curious proof that there is a part of us which knows almost from the beginning all that we are going to be and do. Eve, the woman, beloved by man, the instrument by whom sin entered the world; Lavallière, the mistress of a king, who in the end turned to a cell and to God: every ingredient of her story was foretold in that name. She became very soon "the woman" of Paris, the embodiment of feminine attraction. Her beauty was indeed marvellous. If one comes on her photograph in an old volume of *Le Théâtre* one does not turn the page for a long time. One feels, "If that woman came into the room now and asked me for something, I could not refuse, no matter what it was."

She owed part of her magic, I am told, to a paradoxical quality that is intimated in her photographs: she had perfect equipment for tragedy, and she devoted it to comedy. Her face was moulded by awe at some appalling experience, yet, wickedly, she slightly smiled. Her voice had the gravity by which sweetness unresentfully but poignantly records disappointment; but she accented impudences so that they were twice as impudent. The worst had happened to her, and she was not perturbed. The world laughed with relief at this legerdemain that turned fate inside out; and it was fascinated by her real gift of acting. As if to escape from herself she ran, from character to character, becoming each in a masterpiece of comic impersonation. So she was Eve, the woman and the creator; and also she was Lavallière, the mistress of kings. Her standing affair was with her Jewish impresario, to whom she bore a child when she was about thirty, but she had some royal lovers. The conversational punishment for this form of irregularity must be dreadful.

SO HER life went on. She had her greatest success when she was forty-two, and there was no sign of a break in 1917, when she was fifty-one. Beauty did not leave her, for it was built in her superb bones; and she never ceased to perfect her art. The French have no prejudice against age, so they could admit her continued value. She was down in the country, resting before a projected tour in the states with the Guitrys. She was not with her child. Jeanne had alienated her for some time past by certain sinister eccentricities. Her companion was a Belgian refugee, Léona, who had been her yes-woman for two or three years. It happened that the village curé was trustee of the little property they had rented, and that he belonged to the best type of his kind, being a jovial and well-mannered country gentleman. That gave Eve the clue to realizing the last person implied in her name: the king's mistress who repented in a convent cell.

She turned upon Léona and "questioned her about religious sentiments," and the good Léona, who is at once an infinitely touching and an infinitely comic character, rather in the vein of Sancho Panza, came up to the scratch. She tactfully recalled her childhood. Her father had been a very religious man, but he had died when she was very small. That was why she had not thought about being a Christian. But, come to think of it, she had always wished she had taken her first communion. Yes, she had worried a lot about that. Very presently she found herself being hustled off to that presbytery to have her newly-disclosed wish gratified. And Eve was off on a crusade of celestial achievement, of flights and counter-flights from holy places, that was not to end till she died two years ago.

Some days afterwards she made her first confession to the curé. It contained an account of an experience so dreadful that many years afterwards his tears flowed when he spoke of it. We shall never know what that experience was; we can only guess from the fact that thereafter she spoke of herself to him as a hurt child, that it related to her earliest years. Trembling like a leaf, she

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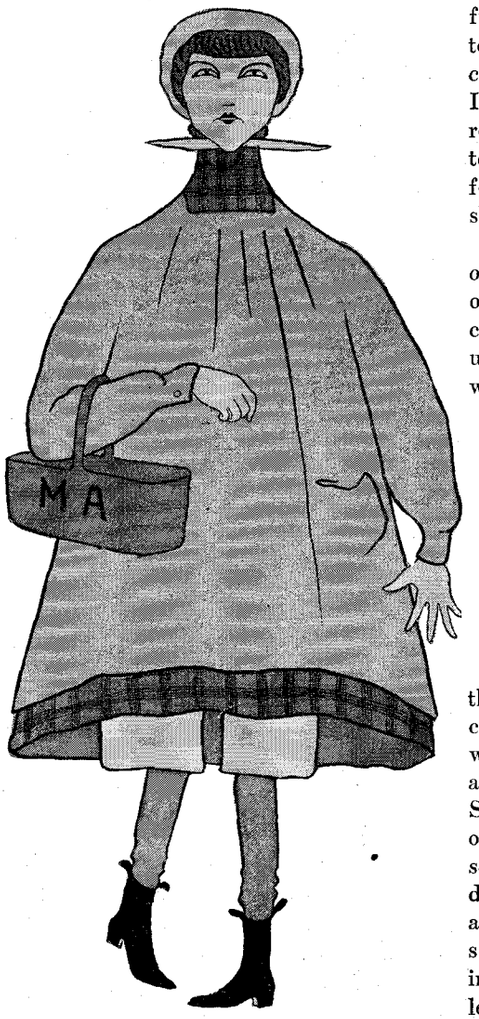
took Communion. She and the obliging Léona spent the days on their knees, or in the study of pious books. She announced that she had no intention of fulfilling her contracts, and ruptured all links with all her old friends.

One of these renunciations was performed with the paradoxical quality that had fascinated her audiences. An old lover implored her to see him. She sent him a telegram, as any slut might have done, *"envoyez d'urgence dix mille."* The ten thousand francs came; like a saint she gave them to the poor, like a slut she never bothered her head about him again.

She longed to enter a convent, but first she had to wind up her affairs in Paris, and her country house in the Vosges, and realize all her possessions, since she was resolved to earn no more on the stage; and in any case the curé thought it was her duty not to take the veil but to stay with her daughter. This Eve was reluctant to do for reasons that become obvious when one reads Eve's letter describing how, when she went down to the Vosges her daughter met her at the station, dressed as a man. She had introduced into her mother's house a strange young woman, and the servants called them "Monsieur" and "Madame." This was torture to Eve and her agony was increased by the scandals which were spreading all over France concerning her. One is struck in her letters by her isolation. The Jewish impresario had long been dead, and it is apparent that there were no other men very close to her. One may guess that the stimulus she gave to men's imagination was so great that she seemed in their minds to be really a goddess, to be enjoying a life above the clouds of such legendary richness that nothing they could offer could be of any value to her.

Nothing can make a woman's life so empty as a succession of lovers all persuaded that her life is full enough irrespective of what they can do. She had, therefore, no intimates to speak for the quality of her private life when the world, which knew nothing of her but the myths it had built round her beauty and power, invented a monstrous explanation for her conversion. It saw her still a young woman, it saw her as Eve the betrayer of the human kind. It could not be that her action was inspired by virtue; there must be some treachery. Therefore, they alleged that the military and the police had insisted on her leaving Paris and going into retreat because she had been detected spying for the Germans.

The recognized path of piety, for her, led only to more suffering and contempt. Weeping, she fled to Lourdes, and in one of the frightful boarding-houses maintained there for the unexigent pious she faced the rigors of the Pyrenean winter and accentuated them by the practice of the sternest penances. Poor Léona went too. They slept on icy nights with a cotton sheet for covering, they rose at six and broke the ice on their water jugs, they walked to mass in wooden sabots that made their feet bleed. Once a week they walked through rain and wind and snow to a mountain calvary. Every morning for nine days every month they immersed themselves



EVE LAVALLIÈRE
A caricature by L. Cappiello of the great French actress

wrapped in dank sheets for some moments in a tank of icy water.

This was to please the good Lord; though, since this was in 1918, it might have been presumed that humanity was already offering whatever may be its proper oblation of suffering. But indeed for Eve Lavallière it was as if there was no war. She hardly ever mentions it. What she mentions is her own suffering, her passionate demand for admission into some convent.

"That's why I left the theatre and the world," she cried to the curé, "just for one thing, to be *shut up,"* (*enfermée* is four times underlined) "and to depend on superiors who give me orders. Read this letter well, get it into your head, because it's saying again what I've never stopped saying and wanting: the convent, the convent!"

There is dropped casually: "Léona will follow me into the convent. Her vocation will come afterwards."

Poor Léona was, however, running from mother superior to bishop, trying to secure Eve's refusal by every possible convent. A nun, no, that she couldn't be! It is said that she weeps honest tears of remorse nowadays for this act of treason towards the saint; but surely she will be forgiven, if only for the folds of the wet sheet from which she did not shrink.

From convent to convent ran Eve, offering her penitent soul to order after order, but she encountered only the cruelty which the world shows to the unhappy. Because she twisted and writhed in her agonizing hunger for rest and cried out shrilly for admission, the authorities said, "But this is a restless and undisciplined woman, she would never submit to the tranquillity and discipline of convent life," and they would have none of her.

Meanwhile she herself practised the cruelty of the unhappy towards the world. Her silence about the War, throughout the horrible year of 1918, became more absolute, and, in a Frenchwoman, more amazing. There developed also an extraordinary fact about Jeanne. She was not a pervert. She was simply one of those unfortunate beings whose sex is not determined before birth, but delays till adolescence. In fact, she was a man; and was under the painful necessity, being a known personality, of passing from one sex to another before a leering world. Her mother took note of her tragedy for one moment, then passed on, wearing her own anguish as if it were the thickest of veils. For a time she abandoned the idea of entering a convent, and sought a little house in the country where Léona and she could live the monastic life just by themselves. There are thousands, there are hundreds

(Please Turn to Page 675)

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Must We Resort to the Dole?

Our Land of Plenty Faces the Question

By GUY GREER

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Many of the causes of the present depression are not mere economic mists which will be dissipated by a few rays of sunshine. They are deep-rooted and fundamental, and the depression is the result of years of maladministration of parts of our economic world. In a second article next week Mr. Greer will outline a step for the orderly government of a part of the American business machine. The author was a member of the staff of the Reparation Commission and later of the Institute of Economics.

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IN THE present welter of discussion of the world-wide economic depression, a single assumption seems to stand out above the general confusion—to be in fact, among American commentators, almost a universal conviction. It is that the difficulties are of a temporary nature; that we have only to wait patiently, applying any palliatives that suggest themselves, and prosperity will surely return. The only dissenters appear to be professional pessimists who advocate, in spite of the enormous wealth of the country, a craven surrender of the American standard of living. The only question to be decided, it would seem, is whether the curve of business recovery will be V-shaped or U-shaped. Recent opinion appears to be inclined regretfully to agree upon the latter form, and the new subject of speculation is: How far will the lower portion of the U extend, or how long will it be before the curve turns steadily and more and more sharply upward? But perhaps the most questionable of all the assumptions widespread is that when business activity does eventually attain to former levels, all will be well with the economic structure; in other words, that all *was* well in the years preceding the autumn of 1929.

Our present crisis is no more than the culmination in acute and dramatic form of difficulties already in existence, even though they were hardly noticed, in the midst of the unexampled boom through which we have passed. My subject, therefore, is not primarily the present depression, but the growing maladjustment which has become a permanent and sinister feature of the progress of modern industry. Even before the depression, our failure to bring about a rational balance, as between the productive capacity and the purchasing power of the population, was already resulting in a growing number of potential wage earners either out of work or uneconomically employed. This situation, apart from the abnormally high unemployment figures of the present crisis, may be expected to grow worse instead of better, unless and until measures are taken to cope with it on a scale far wider than anything which has been officially considered hitherto.

All will agree that one of the most urgent problems in the modern world is unemployment. It doesn't matter whether we call it technological unemployment, in the strict meaning of the term, or something else. Neither does it insure a solution of the problem to say that eventually the wage earners thrown out of work by improved methods of production will be absorbed somehow into the economic structure. This has been happening, so far, only to an inadequate extent and after costly delays. Meantime, even those displaced workers who are eventually to be absorbed must swell the ranks of the unemployed.

Have we reached a point where our increasing productive efficiency is ruining us? The question is absurd, of course; and yet, the world's economic machinery has been thrown badly out of gear by the unregulated increase in productive efficiency since the War. Every important industrial nation in the world (except France, which is only in the process of becoming industrialized), and most of the agricultural nations, are suffering from serious unemployment; and the immediate cause lies in the fact that, with the productive equipment available, the working population can produce a great deal more of nearly everything, from wheat to automobiles, than the consuming population can buy.

It is true that in the industrial countries themselves, to say nothing of China and India, where poverty and starvation are always present, the people would gladly buy and consume greater quantities of goods if they could, and they would gladly work to make the goods, thus earning the money to buy them with, if they had an opportunity. But a deadlock has been reached, and the problem of breaking it appears to be beyond the capacity of any government, or any other organization, in existence.

In all the industrialized countries unemployment has become an increasing and apparently a permanent burden. It has become chronic, and the present world-wide depression has only aggravated the situation. If it has been less pronounced in the United States than in Europe, the reason is that we have, until recently, benefited by an accidental combination of circumstances not likely to occur again. Here is a running catalogue of the principal ones:

The War left a shortage of housing. While this was being made up, thus furnishing employment to large numbers of workers in the various industries connected with building construction, the automobile industry entered upon its great expansion. Along with it developed many collateral industries and services, creating jobs for still larger numbers of wage earners. Other industries were developed or expanded, such as radio, moving pictures, phonographs, aviation, and the like.

Concurrently it became possible to dispose of goods—except agricultural products, coal, textiles, and other staples—on a scale unprecedented in economic history. Advertising and salesmanship were used as never before. An old system of instalment selling was greatly extended, opening up a vast new market for commodities previously looked upon as luxuries. Exports to foreign countries increased prodigiously too, for the rest of the world, especially Europe, was recovering from the damage and disorganization of the War, and was obliged to purchase our goods. We were able to sell them, because of purchasing power created by our foreign loans, until staggering totals of debt were built up.

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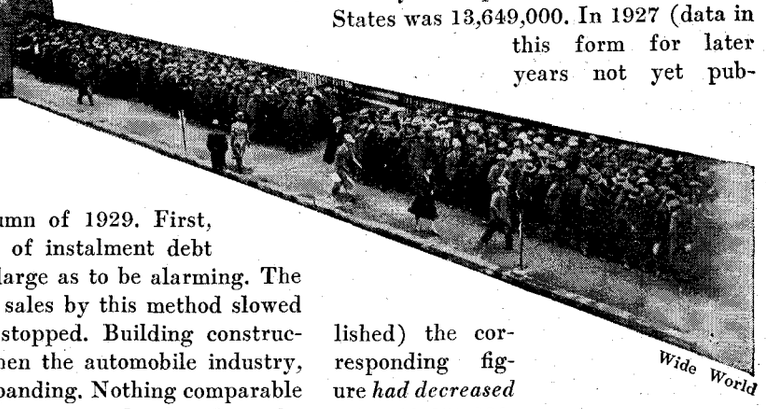
In short, we had a boom, and most of us were so confident of its duration that we began to talk of "a new economic era," which was to upset the tested precepts of centuries. In the enthusiasm of the moment we lost sight of the fact that the very circumstances responsible for our hectic business activity were of a temporary nature. We forgot, too, that the farmers, the coal operators, the textile manufacturers, and the people identified with the basic industries in general, were suffering from hard times; that in the midst of our prosperity there remained large numbers of people who were either out of work or employed only part of the time, living at standards out of place in the richest country in the world.

Keystone



Wide World

THE STORY OF DEPRESSION
From the abandoned farm and factory to the breadline

Most calamitous of all our oversights, we were blissfully unaware of the accumulating forces of disequilibrium that were to bring our beautiful new theories clattering about our ears. For there was nothing but the uncoordinated activities of millions of struggling individuals and certain outmoded economic "laws," to keep our complicated economic machinery from running amuck.

In the course of our haphazard progress the output of all productive workers, on the farms and in industry, had gone on increasing, until in spite of the larger demand for commodities of all kinds, fewer and fewer people were required to grow them or to make them. It became more and more difficult to absorb into the economic structure, and thus provide with purchasing power, that part of the population no longer needed in production. The difficulty was aggravated by the fact that for many years an increasing number of women had been abandoning domestic pursuits—rendered obsolete by factory production and public services—to become wage earners.

Workers no longer needed in production were obliged to seek employment in distribution, or in services usually connected with distribution. All manner of intermediate operations were invented, between the original production of commodities and their delivery to the ultimate consumer, so that the displaced workers could somehow gain a livelihood. Distribution costs rose to such heights that their ratio to decreasing productions costs became fantastic.

There came a time, inevitably, when the whole dizzy process of our unregulated economic activity must snarl itself up and stall. It began to do so long before the spectacular crash of the Stock Market in the autumn of 1929. First, the volume of instalment debt became so large as to be alarming. The increase of sales by this method slowed down and stopped. Building construction, and then the automobile industry, stopped expanding. Nothing comparable to them in importance developed to take their place. A sort of saturation point was reached in the distribution of goods at home, because production had outrun purchasing power. Exports finally stopped increasing too; for the European nations had completed—more or less—their recovery from the War. At all events they could not go on buying from us, on so large a scale, on credit; and by our tariff legislation we made it more difficult for them to sell us goods with which to pay for their purchases, to say nothing of paying their debts.

Meanwhile, profits during the boom period had been extraordinarily large, and the national income greater than ever before in history, but a share of the increase still greater than ever before had been going to individuals whose incomes were already so large that they could not possibly spend all of them for consumption goods or services. Consequently, what they could not spend was saved, and very soon found its way back into a further expansion of productive equipment—to build new plants or improve old ones, when already the productive capacity of the country had outstripped the possibility of finding markets at home or abroad for the potential output of commodities.

Practically all the great industries had drifted into the same predicament as that of agriculture; that is, they were in the position of being forced to turn out more goods than could be sold at home and to seek markets for an increasing surplus abroad, at a time when the other industrial nations of the world were in a worse predicament than ourselves. The dismal results are now a familiar story.

Perhaps the facts outlined above will be more readily appreciated if we glance at a few figures. In 1919 the total number of persons gainfully employed in manufacturing, mining, and railway transportation in the United States was 13,649,000. In 1927 (data in this form for later years not yet published) the corresponding figure *had decreased* to 12,655,000. During the same eight-year period the persons occupied in agricultural pursuits decreased from 11,300,000 to 10,400,000. Simultaneously the output per worker in the principal divisions of employment increased as follows: in agriculture, 29½ per cent; in mining, 40 per cent; in manufacturing, 42 per cent; in railway transportation, 12½ per cent.

Meanwhile the total population of the country increased by approximately 14,000,000. Allowing one person gainfully occupied to every 2.525 members of the total population (which was the proportion existing in 1920), the farmers and the other potential workers who should have been absorbed into the non-agricultural part of the economic structure in the eight-year period amounted to 6,444,000. But we have observed that

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the number employed in manufacturing, mining, and railway transportation also decreased by approximately 1,000,000. We see, therefore, that in the short period of eight years, theoretically, over 7,000,000 potential workers, a number equal to more than half the total employed in industrial production, mining, and railway transportation, should have been absorbed into that part of the economic structure which is not technically productive.

From a table compiled by the National Industrial Conference Board, based on a classification differing slightly from that of the figures I have quoted, it appears that the increase in the total number of persons gainfully occupied in the United States from 1920 to 1929 amounted to 3,746,000, the changes in the principal occupation groups being as follows: manufacturing and mechanical, 181,000; trade and transportation, 3,217,000; domestic and personal service, 543,000; professional service, 588,000; mining, 10,000. Agriculture, including lumbering and fishing, decreased by 793,000.

The figures for 1929 are exceptional, even for the boom period, but even from these certain facts are of striking significance. As was to be expected, the one outstanding increase was in trade and transportation. But since we know that the number employed in railway transportation increased little if any, we must conclude that the bulk of the increase was confined to trade and motor transportation—that is, primarily to the distribution system. But the most arresting conclusion may be drawn from a comparison of the occupation figures for 1920 and 1929 with employment in preceding decades. It appears that whereas the proportion of the total population which was gainfully employed increased steadily for some forty years previous to 1920—principally on account of the immigration of adult workers and of the increasing number of women wage earners—some time between 1910 and 1920 the proportion began to decline. It rose from one out of every 2.884 in 1880 to one out of 2.614 in 1900, and to one out of 2.456 in 1910. In 1920 the proportion was one out of every 2.525, and in 1929 it had decreased to one out of every 2.661. Translated into totals, the latter figures mean that, whereas the population rose between 1920 and 1929 by some 15,500,000 and the increase in persons capable of being gainfully occupied was at least 6,000,000 (the estimate is conservative because of the growing number of women entering gainful occupations), only 3,746,000 actually were absorbed into the economic structure.

The foregoing figures are much too general to warrant precise deductions. Certainly it would not be justifiable to use them to estimate the number of unemployed in 1927 or 1929. They do indicate, however, two definite developments: first, that the relative number of workers required to operate the productive equipment of the country is decreasing rapidly; and second, that larger and larger numbers of people are being forced to devise ways to gain a livelihood from the distribution system. Together with what we know about the already overmanned and topheavy condition of the distribution system, they also indicate that without a profound readjustment, the process of increasing productive efficiency cannot continue, unless we are prepared to face the consequences of unemployment on a scale hitherto unknown in America.

Certain of those consequences have already manifested themselves. In the midst of the late lamented boom a considerable number of potential wage earners were out of work, although nobody knows how many. Some of them became racketeers and gangsters—partly because of innate viciousness, perhaps, and the opportunities created by prohibition (a recent estimate, whose accuracy is certainly not vouched for here, places the number engaged in one way or another in bootlegging at 1,000,000); but who can doubt that some were impelled to adopt such callings by the necessity to gain a livelihood? If it be retorted that England and Germany, with relatively larger numbers of unemployed, have had no epidemics of racketeering, the answer is that in the first place both countries have had in operation systems of unemployment insurance, and in the second place the English and the Germans are for some reason more law abiding peoples than we are.

What then is to be done? Among other things we must somehow find larger markets for commodities, both agricultural and industrial. We shall see presently that even this would not alone suffice to solve the problem of unemployment, inasmuch as considerably less than half the wage earning population is engaged in production and the proportion is growing steadily smaller; but for the moment it may clarify the situation to examine the two obvious ways in which more goods can be sold—by increasing exports, and by expanding the purchasing power of our own population.

It will not be necessary to prove here what has been so often demonstrated with respect to the problem of expanding our foreign markets; namely, that we cannot expect to go on indefinitely increasing our exports without increas-

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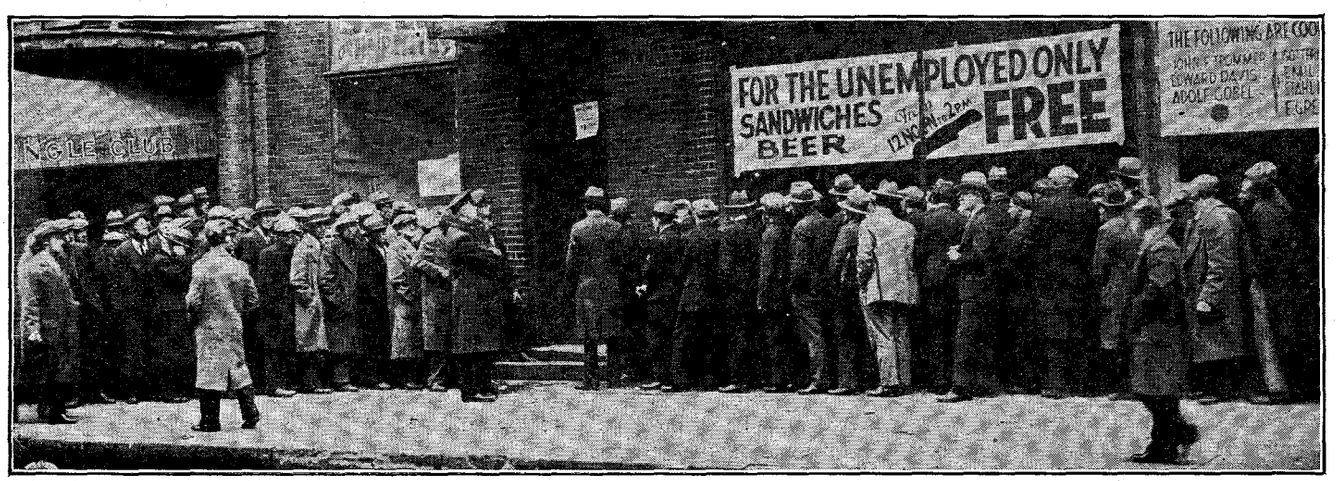

International

In close formation the jobless wait for the door to open

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▶▶ Watch Von Seeckt! ◀◀

By T. R. YBARRA

BERLIN.

IN THE wings of the German political theatre a man sits expectantly, like an actor awaiting his cue. He is not big and scowling and impressive like President von Hindenburg. He is not smooth and persuasive like Chancellor Bruening. Though he has been a soldier most of his life, he wears no uniform. He holds down no big job. Whenever he succeeds in getting into the front-page headlines of the world's newspapers, he is soon pushed away again by Hindenburg or Bruening, Hitler or Dr. Schacht, or some other German with better staying qualities as hot news material. And yet—

Buttonhole almost any close observer of European politics here and ask him about that man.

"Worth watching?"

"Undoubtedly."

"More than Hindenburg?"

"Probably."

"Than Bruening?"

"Certainly."

"Than Hitler?"

"Possibly."

These observers may be wrong. Observers sometimes are (I have been one in Europe, so I know!) But that is the way they are talking in Berlin—and not only there, but in Paris and London and Vienna and Rome. It might be well not to be too scornful of their talk. After all, the men of tomorrow are right among us today—the trouble is that they don't carry big identifying numbers like football players so that he who runs may read the future.

The above-mentioned German awaiting his cue is General Hans Von Seeckt. He is the stormy petrel of post-war Germany. All he needs to do is open his mouth in order to stir up trouble in Europe. Every time he makes a speech or writes an article or publishes a book, France cocks her ear attentively and Poland frowns and Czechoslovakia growls—and Soviet Russia chuckles. A few years ago it looked as if Von Seeckt had been shelved. Last September, however, he reappeared on the political scene as a member of Germany's new Reichstag. He took his seat—quietly, unobtrusively. But he did not sit down quietly enough nor unobtrusively enough to keep Europe from turning apprehensive eyes upon him.

Von Seeckt, during the World War, was Chief of Staff to the renowned Von Mackensen. In Germany they had a saying in the War days: "Wherever Mackensen is, victory is." But some Germans, professing to be "in the know," changed it to: "Wherever Mackensen is, Seeckt is; wherever Seeckt is, victory is." Their idea was that Mackensen, despite magnificent uniform and ultra-military bearing and flashing eagle eye, was rather more of a favorite of Wilhelm Hohenzollern than a great general, and that the real brain behind all his thunder-and-lightning stage effects was unobtrusive Hans Von Seeckt.

Wide World

GENERAL HANS VON SEECKT
The stormy petrel of post-war Europe

Be that as it may, after Germany had been defeated and German Republic had replaced Hohenzollern Empire, Von Seeckt was made commander-in-chief of the Republic's army—the puny Reichswehr, only 100,000 strong, to which the victorious Allies had reduced the enormous German war forces.

Von Seeckt wasted no time crying over spilt milk; he set to work to make the Reichswehr so extraordinarily efficient, so obviously an invaluable nucleus for the training of future enormous forces, that the Allies got uneasy. France found a pretext for compelling the German Republican government to relieve the stormy petrel of his post. That looked like the shelving of Von Seeckt.

But it wasn't. He proceeded to write a book in which he made the statement—astounding to a world taught to believe in the necessity of fighting wars with "nations in arms"—that wars in future would be fought not by masses of men but by small, highly-trained professional armies. He illustrated his theories with striking arguments. For one thing, he said, it was impossible to make soldiers out of millions of men, suddenly pitchforked into war; they necessarily were, and remained, civilians. And another thing: nothing could be so futile as piling up enormous and fantastically expensive stocks of arms only to see them rendered suddenly obsolete by new inventions. Take the matter of airplanes alone: every day brought new devices making yesterday's planes fit only for the junk dealer. How futile to spend millions for the construction of thousands of airplanes! Why not spend thousands to build just a few, more thousands to provide a few better ones and so on, thus keeping pace with the new inventors without at the same time emptying the national treasury. The same applied, said Von Seeckt, to rifles and cannon.

Then there was the question of mobility. Vast armies can't move, said Von Seeckt; small armies can. And what about cavalry? Flying squarely in the face of twentieth-century formulae of warfare, Germany's arch-iconoclast advanced the sensational theory that, in the next war, cavalry would come back into its own. When they heard that, supposedly up-to-date theorists, who had been teaching people for years that cavalry was merely a picturesque survival of obsolete warfare, almost dropped dead at their desks in their theory-factories.

Von Seeckt's iconoclastic statements at once divided military Europe—especially military France—into two camps. One obstinately advocated sticking to the "nation in arms" principle. The other shook its head uneasily, feeling

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▶▶ Uncensored Notes on Russia ◀◀

By **STEPHANIE DILLON**

BEING able to speak Russian, I thought I might get a closer view of the infinitely important experiment, the Five Year Plan for the Reconstruction of Soviet Economy, nicknamed "Pyatiletka," now beginning its third year in Russia, than could be got by a member of an officially conducted group.

I applied for a passport at the Soviet bureau in New York and asked that the necessary papers be issued to me by the Soviet consul in Paris. Several weeks later, at the Paris consulate, I was required to produce a complete new set of credentials, and was then told that I might hear from my application in six weeks. When I suggested the use of the telegraph at my expense I found that word might be received in ten days.

In due course I did receive, through the Paris office, from the Consular Department of the People's Commissariat for Foreign Affairs, a passport into the U. S. S. R. With my companion, who speaks several languages fluently, I was soon traveling by train through the pine forests of Finland.

Just outside the border station, the train passed through a wooden arch on which was painted, white on red: "Welcome—Workers of the West." Then we came to another sign that we were to see repeated hundreds of times in the weeks of our journey: "The Five-year Plan in Four Years!" The magic words were spelled out in flower beds, in red bunting, in mosaic on garden walks—everywhere. For this is now the slogan of the vast plan designed to organize a backward nation of some 150,000,000 souls into the dominating industrial and agricultural nation of the world. This is the battle-cry of the 1,500,000 members of the Soviet Party which exercises a control over the bodies and minds of the whole nation.

From top to bottom of the scale, from the scientist to the entirely uninformed adolescent, every one I talked to—and Russians are not exactly inarticulate—seemed harried, anxious, worried, almost exhausted by the iron discipline. Yet nearly everywhere the hope that keeps them in line was expressed somewhat like this: "As soon as the Plan is carried through, Russia will be like America, only more rich, more powerful!"

Moscow. Endless hurry and endless waiting. Hotels, street cars, offices, shops—all overcrowded. Every one so engrossed in the difficult business of living that no one cared for any one else's problems. At first we felt incensed at the universal lack of courtesy and helpfulness. Later we understood that there was no surplus of any kind, for the individual, either of food, time, energy, or space. How could they share that of which they themselves had not enough?

Besides, government-owned hotels and shops and theatres and offices and railroads have no fear of losing the customer. There is no competition. They were more patient and more helpful when they knew us to be foreigners.

Before we entered Russia we were told that we would be watched all the time. Perhaps we were, but we never felt it. We left the hotel every morning and rushed all day, either walking or taking street cars. We changed plans at the last minute when traveling, we did not go as far as our tickets would take us, we stopped at any hotel where we could find room, we ate at strange times in strange places, we stayed but a few hours in towns where we planned to stay days; we talked freely with people everywhere. If the authorities were checking up on us, I must congratulate them on their adroitness and discretion.

"NON-STOP WEEK" OF THE NEW SOVIET CALENDAR

Each worker gets one day's rest in five. For instance, you might be Mr. X.—and you rest on the second, seventh, etc. Or you can be Mr. Square Peg, if you wish. January 22 happens to be a rare holiday for all

On the beach at Leningrad we fell in with two well-behaved, boyish sailors in uniform. Deeply interested in America, they asked how soon we would have our revolution, which would put everything into the hands of the workers. I told them we expected none. But they had read all about it many times in Soviet newspapers, the only ones that are circulated. They thought our revolution might be postponed a few months, but that more probably it had begun already.

One of them inquired whether we got plenty of food in America. When I said we did, he asked: "Then why are you so thin? No one in Russia is as thin as you are." Indeed, in spite of the strictly enforced rules as to the issuance of food rations, we saw no one who seemed to feel the pinch of hunger.

MUSEUMS, museums, and more museums, and always filled with groups of young people, workers, soldiers with a leader explaining to them what they saw. Groups of peasants, women in kerchiefs and wide long skirts, old women sometimes, intently listening to a description of the meaning of a Picasso picture or a prehistoric silex. Private collections, old churches have been made into museums. There are museums of hygiene, where are shown the most vivid wax reproductions of diseased organs and striking, brightly colored pictures showing the ways the various diseases are contracted. There are industrial museums, children's museums, ethnological museums, and in every town there is a revolutionary museum and an anti-religious museum.

If it were not quite so "anti," the religious museum might be an idea worth introducing into other countries. We saw comprehensive and vivid representations of the laws of evolution, and mummified bodies of saints lying in the sand in which they were buried—which explains their state of preservation formerly attributed to their holiness. We saw, side by side, statues of the founders of all religions, and idols next to holy images. We could compare the religious superstitions of many peoples with our own Christian superstitions. The visitor might come away full of tolerance and understanding.

Likewise, if the revolutionary museums were merely that and not pro-revo-

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Springfield, Missouri

lutionary museums, they would, I believe, have more value. It is well for us to know all the sufferings borne by liberals and idealists in the past, to see pages of the little papers they printed by hand in back rooms, to see pictures and life-size replicas of Siberian prison cells, of instruments of torture men have used on other men. But walking through room after room and watching the conducted tours of workers and workers' children, I wondered whether all the horrors they were gazing at would teach them never to inflict like atrocities on any human being, even a capitalist or a bourgeois opposed to their way of thinking and standard of living.

By all means destroy the fanaticism and superstition of religion, but what if the fanaticism and superstition of revolution should take its place? Lenin's image instead of Christ's image. Lenin's word instead of Christ's word. Marx's "Capital" instead of the Old Testament. I wonder.

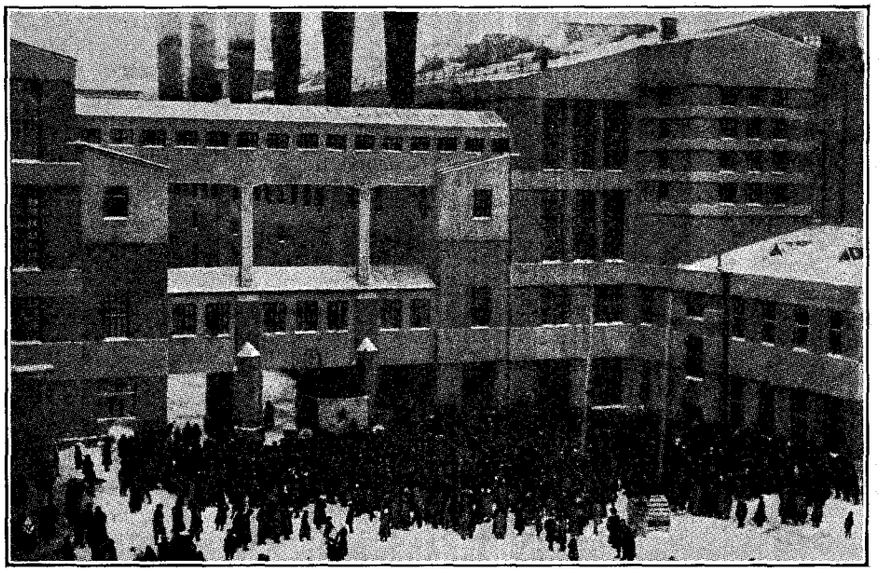
We spent a whole afternoon in Moscow's Park of Rest and Culture. After paying a small entrance fee, we found ourselves wandering in suburban grounds, with trees and lawns, winding alleys, a beach on the river and Moscow all golden in the distance.

In big chairs in the shade, people stretched out, sleeping or talking or reading as they do on decks of steamers. An open air library contained Soviet books, magazines, newspapers. I took a neatly folded newspaper and was preparing to pay for it.

"We don't sell anything here," the man told me. "Just sit down and read it, then bring it back and take anything else you want."

In this quiet little clearing, set with tables and chairs, one could study or read all day at leisure.

The newspaper, like the entire Soviet press, was filled with highly colored news of the success of the Plan, and items showing the breakdown of capitalism in foreign countries. The comic papers get no nearer to satire of the powers-that-be than is indicated by the following "Statistical Note" in one such periodical on the quality of goods produced by the Soviet-owned "Rubber Trust":



The inauguration of a new electric plant in Moscow

"The age of an elephant is one hundred and twenty years. The age of a man is seventy years. The age of a dog is twelve years. The age of a mosquito is eleven hours. The age of a pair of galoshes made by the Rubber Trust is fifteen minutes."

On the other side of a shallow ravine, sitting on a bench, a boy was teaching a girl how to play the guitar. Shouts and laughter and splashing noises from the river—young people bathing, going out in row-boats, sunning themselves on the beach.

We heard music in the distance and turned in that direction. A band was playing in a small wooden amphitheatre not far from the museum, not far either from the tennis and volley-ball courts, where athletic coaches were excitedly teaching the rules of the games to groups of young people.

Everywhere signs showed the direction to the Children's House. We found it, but grown-ups were not admitted. Through the windows we saw gaily painted rooms with small chairs and tables at which children were enjoying the full Soviet ration for children. The walls of other rooms, empty, were hung with children's drawings. In the back an enclosed space with a sand pile, swings, trapezes, see-saws and a swarm of children playing about under the supervision of kind-faced women who were very busy blowing noses, arbitrating quarrels and tying apron strings.

Next door to the Children's House was a Children's Theatre, and beyond that, two other regular theatres. These offered the usual bills of comedies and also the inevitable propaganda dramas.

A crowd had gathered in a circle, watching folk-dancing going on to the accompaniment of fiddle and harmonica.

On our way out we passed a Ferris wheel and other amusement features and many booths effectively advertising pamphlets and books on athletic sports, sex hygiene, mechanics, etc.

We never ceased wondering at the orderliness of the crowd. They kept off the grass as told, they did not pick the flowers, they did not throw papers around. They seemed quietly happy, enjoying themselves without rowdiness or vulgarity. These were self-respecting workers—and *every one must work or starve*—spending their rest day (every fifth day) in lovely surroundings, the peace and beauty of which they fully appreciated, relaxing mind and body, each in the way which most appealed to him. They had probably left the city early in the morning and would return after the close of the evening's performance in the theatre.

This Park of Rest and Culture and the one in Kharkov which we visited are indeed worthy of their names. In these parks we rested, and considered new ideas. And the parks are enjoyed every day, for in each community the days of rest (separated by four work days) are staggered. The "non-stop week" is in full effect. The old seventh day of rest for all is no more.

On board the Volga boat, we were the only foreigners. A spacious craft, admirably clean and comfortable. When I expressed my admiration to the comrade stewardess, she warned me that all the passengers complained of the food. No wonder! the food was unbelievable, so bad that every one bought local supplies at each stop. This gave us

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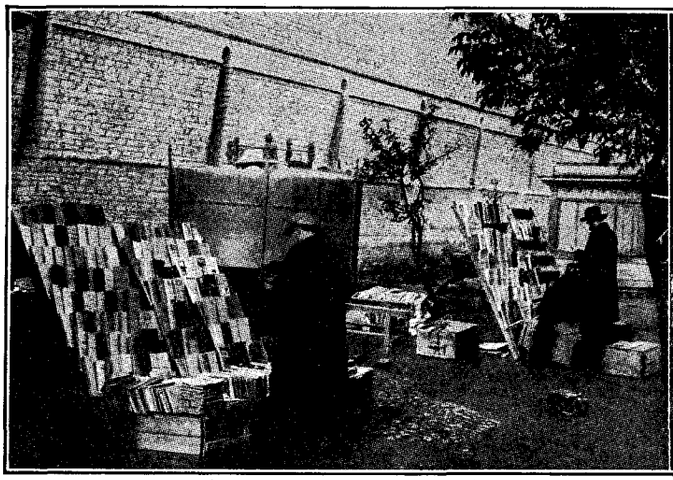

A Russian open-air library

Spending the rest-day in a public park

a chance to talk with specimens of the many autonomous republics of the Volga region. Tartar republic, German republic, Mari republic, and so on, each differing from the other in almost every characteristic—race, customs, religion, language, costume. We saw official signs printed in two and sometimes three languages—and everywhere the slogan, "The Five-year Plan in Four Years!"

One common bond amongst these peoples is the river—like the silk thread holding together the vari-colored beads. "Mother Volga" indeed, broad-bosomed and generous.

As it rained the first day and the second and the third, we decided to get off at Saratov. One of the pier officials warned the debarking passengers: "Hold on to your pockets; this is Saratov." What Boosters Club in America would stand for such frankness regarding the old home town?

First we went to the station to find out how we could get to Kharkov, our next destination. There was but one train with nothing but "hard cars," euphemism for third class. No dining car, of course, on that train—we must get our food supply for the journey and also some money. We found the Government Bank. They had never seen travelers' checks before, but after lengthy consultation with all the department heads and arguments as to the line on which I should sign my name, after an exhaustive perusal of my passport, they finally gave me the necessary roubles.

Everywhere beside the state-owned cooperative there were individual small traders selling all kinds of food products in small or large quantities. An old woman offered in her extended hand just three eggs. Whole sides of mutton and quarters of beef were being weighed and bargained for a few steps away. When we inquired why individual trading was permitted, we were told that some day when the organization was perfected, they would do away with all that, but at present they did not object to the peasant selling what he himself raised. As long as there were no middlemen, there could be no large profits made at the expense of another's work. So we went to market, bought berries, cottage cheese, bread, cucumbers, tomatoes and eggs, and then returned to the station. Our train did not leave until evening. Within the reeking station bedlam reigned and we later realized that such was the normal state of all Russian stations at all times.

Traveling is comparatively cheap and the government encourages it by giving all kinds of rate reductions to students, workers, teachers, professional people. All would be well if transportation facilities had increased in proportion to the number of travelers. Unfortunately, that is not the case. The rush hour in a New York subway is the nearest thing to train travel in the U. S. S. R.

But nothing can compare with the stations' waiting rooms. Whole families of peasants apparently live there for days. From grandmothers to babes, every one is there, sitting or lying on huge burlap bags, stuffed with bedding, kitchen and household utensils. Dried fish and tea seem to be the staple food, also huge round loafs of black bread. One washes one's teapot and one's face, if at all, in a long copper-lined trough to which water is supplied by several faucets. Unfortunately tea leaves have long ago stopped the drain. As for soap, it is so hard to get, at any price, that we husbanded ours as if it had been water in a desert.

The stations are also a favorite place for writing letters. In most uncomfortable positions in the midst of the noise of shuffling feet, lost children's cries, porters' fights, pushed by every passer-by, men and women sat pensively sucking pencil stubs, and then feverishly writing what must have been a soul-outpouring kind of letter. We could not help admiring such concentration.

The Saratov station was typical of those at Moscow, Nijni Novgorod, Kharkov, Kief, Leningrad and all the others. We wandered for a while in search of a place where we could settle and wait, but the few benches were all occupied and having nothing to sit on except a small suitcase and an odd-shaped ruck-sack—instead of comfortable burlap bags—we decided that the outside steps would be an ideal spot for lunching and drying out rain-soaked clothes. Besides, the smell of rotting fish-heads strewn about was as nothing compared to the odor of hundreds of pairs of damp boots in a closed room. As many others sat and ate on the outside steps we were in no way conspicuous.

Train time. With the scarcity of porters, we understood the origin of the word luggage, although we were traveling light. After listening to much wrong information we found our places and discovered that there was a still more democratic way of traveling than the one we chose: There was the hard car without reserved seats. People piled in there until there was not an inch of space left. Even then they continued to pile in.

Yet we were not badly off at all. There were eighteen of us together in a car. By day, two travelers shared the lower bench. Our nearest traveling companions were a middle-aged doctor, a young

(Please Turn to Page 677)

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The All-America Guessing Bee

By JOHN S. GREGORY

ABOUT this time each year the photographs of eleven tight-lipped, grim looking youngsters stare at you from the pages of magazine and newspaper under the ambitious heading, "All-America Team." This American phenomenon is a harbinger of winter no less reliable than the first robin which presages spring.

The fact that no two of these mythical teams are alike may puzzle the uninitiated who cherish the delusion that some occult symbol distinguishes these eleven immortals from football players of common clay. Your gridiron follower is not surprised at the discrepancies. He realizes that there is no mystic label identifying its wearer as a bona fide All-American football player—understands that these helmeted college boys, invested with the starry toga, owe their mythical laurels to arbitrary personal opinion or to the workings of that potent force we call the ballyhoo.

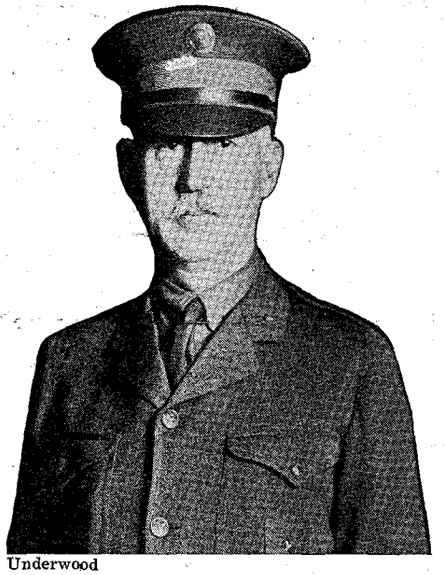
When Walter Camp conceived the idea of picking an honorary eleven at the close of every football campaign, each position filled by the player best qualified for the post, he started something which scores of imitators are still trying to finish. While he lived, his mythical elevens commanded a respect and a popular acceptance which have been denied subsequent honor teams. The father of football occupied a unique position in the gridiron cosmos. Legend endowed his decrees with a Delphic significance. He was generally looked up to as the fountainhead of football wisdom. Too many cooks have now spoiled Camp's broth. Today, scores of All-America teams vie for popular favor. So many Monmouths have entered the field that the All-America drama has become a slap-stick farce. Ridicule has replaced an almost religious reverence.

Camp's original All-America team appeared in 1889. The idea caught popular fancy. Indeed, the craze for picking the ten best books, the ten best generals, the ten greatest painters, etc., had its genesis in Camp's mythical eleven.

Camp had a flair for coining pat phrases—knew the value of alliteration and snappy slogans. The term "All-America" is a case in point—other examples are "Daily Dozen," "Take a Tip from the Tiger" and "live faster but longer." His "All-America" has become a household word, is common property notwithstanding the attempt of a little clique of football teachers to copyright the title, "All-America Board of Coaches."

To err is human, and when it came to making All-America selections, even the theoretically omniscient Walter Camp was of the earth, earthy. His most flagrant error, an amusing case of mistaken identity, occurred in 1912 when he placed Logan of Princeton at guard on the mythical eleven instead of the latter's running mate, the fiery "Rip" Shenk.

Shenk was a truly great line man,



Underwood

WALTER CAMP
Originator of the All-America Guessing Bee in football

quick as an alley cat despite his bulk, with a charge like the recoil of a steel spring. He stood out conspicuously above eastern guards, so you can well picture the bewilderment and consternation among the football cognoscenti when Logan's photograph adorned the All-America article. The shock was heaviest at Princeton, where the geologic seismograph registered oscillations of earthquake intensity. Nassau undergraduates, led by the unwilling beneficiary, Logan himself, protested vigorously against this miscarriage of justice, but once the honor team had been broadcast via telegraph, newsstand, and Associated Press, it was too late to correct the error.

Rip Shenk, who had every reason to feel aggrieved, swallowed his disappointment like a real sportsman, discreetly refusing to sanction the hue and cry made by his partisans. He even minimized his own exploits and suggested that Logan actually merited the honor. Meanwhile, the All-America sponsors kept their heads, though inwardly perturbed, and hushed up the whole affair lest Camp lose his Jovian cloak of infallibility. Newspapermen didn't get the story. It was vital to maintain the tradition that the king can do no wrong.

Of course, Camp meant to select Shenk, the unfortunate substitution of Logan originating in a stenographic error. Some subordinate copied the name of the wrong Princeton guard and expediency dictated that the mistake be perpetuated in football's hall of fame.

THERE were times, no doubt, when the father of football fervently wished that he had not sired this unruly, provocative offshoot. At the banquet in honor of Harvard's 1913 championship eleven, for example, Percy Haughton, who never called a spade "an excavating utensil," denounced Camp's All-America selections in scathing terms because they failed to include the name of Huntington Hardwick, by all odds the best blocker, tackler, and interferer not only of that particular year but of his generation.

Haughton's indignation was not prompted by partisan feeling, as certain All-America apologists hinted, though Hardwick did happen to be a Harvard man and the main spring of "P. D.'s" subtle yet powerful offense. With Haughton it wasn't a question of college loyalty. He was simply expressing resentment toward an "honor system" which exalted flashy ball carriers and showy individualists above a self-sacrificing team worker who had developed the vital art of blocking to a degree never previously attained. Blunt-spoken as always, Haughton said, "I yield to no man in my admiration for Walter Camp; I respect his integrity, his sincerity of purpose; but I condemn a method of selection which overlooks a player who personifies the virile, spiritual, physical and mechanical qualities which give American Rugby its distinctive flavor."

Camp, taking this criticism to heart, atoned for his blunder by granting belated recognition to "Tack" Hardwick the following season. I feel sure that no

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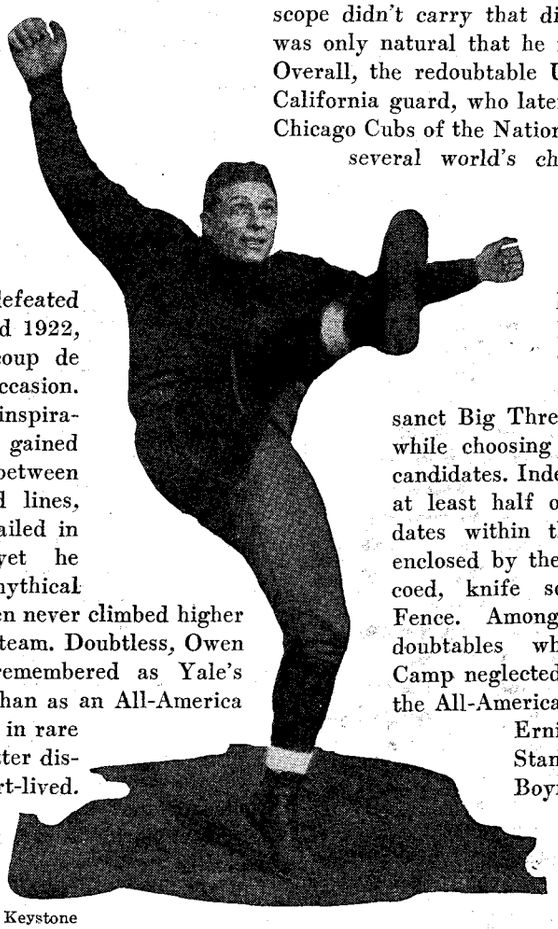
Harvard man would accuse Camp of discriminating against the Crimson in favor of the Blue, but the rating of Malcolm Aldrich above George Owen in 1921 caused considerable eyebrow lifting at Cambridge and Beacon Hill.

Owen, Harvard's versatile fullback, was what sports writers term a "money player" — meaning that he rose to the occasion at the psychological moment. Through his own personal prowess, Owen defeated Yale in 1921 and 1922, delivering the coup de grace on each occasion. Aldrich, Yale's inspirational captain, gained acres of ground between the twenty yard lines, but invariably failed in the pinches, yet he crashed the mythical eleven while Owen never climbed higher than the second team. Doubtless, Owen prefers to be remembered as Yale's Nemesis rather than as an All-America fullback. Except in rare instances, the latter distinction is short-lived. What is deader than last year's All-America lineup?



Keystone

FRANK CARIDEO

Quarterback for Notre Dame who was chosen in nearly all the All-America guessing bees this year

If Harvard men are disgruntled at the shunting aside of Hardwick and Owen, West Pointers of the post-war decade can never forgive Camp for failing to mention "Nig" Pritchard, Army's accomplished quarterback. Whereas Lou Merrillat, the pass grabber, was chosen All-America end in 1913, Pritchard, whose marksmanship made Merrillat's completions possible, didn't receive even a third team rating. Football authorities agree that accurate passing constitutes seventy per cent of a successful aerial attack, but try and find Pritchard's name in the roll of honor.

It goes without saying that westerners felt that Walter Camp slighted the hinterland. The corn belt district, by dint of beating the tomtom lustily, managed to divert Camp's attention toward Schultz, Heston, Eckersall, Benbrook, Walker, Harley and others, but such relatively remote regions as the South, Southwest, Missouri Valley and Far West remained beyond Camp's ken for a long, long time. The Pacific Coast sector reared some top-notch players before the War, but it was out of bounds as far as Camp was concerned. His telescope didn't carry that distance, so it was only natural that he missed Orvie Overall, the redoubtable University of California guard, who later pitched the Chicago Cubs of the National League to several world's championships.

From 1890 to 1905, when Walter Camp was in his heyday, he rarely ventured outside sacrosanct Big Three boundaries while choosing All-America candidates. Indeed, he found at least half of his candidates within the rectangle enclosed by the initial frescoed, knife scarred Yale Fence. Among other redoubtables whom Walter Camp neglected to place on the All-America eleven were Ernie Nevers of Stanford, Benny Boynton of Williams and Ben Costerbaan of Michigan. Boynton and Nevers received third team ratings. The former, a more talented quarterback than Lourie of Princeton, made the tactical mistake of matriculating at little Williams College, tucked away in the Berkshire Hills, instead of attending a Big Three university.

Pacific Coast critics never forgave Camp for putting Mallory and Stevens of Yale ahead of Nevers on the 1923 All-America squad. It is generally agreed that Nevers ranks among the four best fullbacks of all time, Pop Warner preferring him to Indian Jim Thorpe. But even the gods can nod and Camp must have been taking forty winks when Nevers was ripping rival lines to shreds. The Stanford giant clearly merited the place among football immortals which, through some strange oversight, was denied him.

Chef Camp's recipe for "All-America stew" during the canvas jacket epoch, was something like this: "To two parts of Yale, add one portion of Harvard and Princeton; mix in a dash of Pennsylvania, season with a pinch of Army, and flavor with Michigan or Chicago; stir well and serve in a December periodical."

PICKING an All-America team during the push and pull mass play era was far less of a problem than it is today. Not only could the search for stars be confined to a relatively restricted area, half a dozen major universities furnishing nine tenths of the candidates, but the man to man nature of the game provided a common basis of comparison.

Mass momentum technique did not stress lateral manoeuvre. The trend of the ball was mainly straight ahead. Short-side cutbacks, double reverses, and forward passes were unknown if not illegal. Plays were run off quickly in point of time, but assignments were simple in scope and didn't call for wide range nor emphasize speed of foot. The object of the game was to concentrate power behind instead of in front of the ball.

Stone age line men actually fought face to face, a duel of muscle, brain, and heart comparable to the clash of individual warriors which Homer immortalized in verse. When Pudge Heffelfinger squared off against Jesse Riggs you could really tell which was the better man. The stronger player obtained an ascendancy over his adversary that could be measured by yards gained through the latter's position.

High speed modern football has complicated the issue by multiplying individual assignments, abolishing the man to man duel, and stressing the team phase. No longer does guard lock horns with guard; no more does tackle pit brawn and wits against tackle. Individual identity is submerged in the shuffle of shifts, unbalanced lines, and double wingback formations.

Since each man's assignments vary with the style of offense and defense his team is using, it is a presumptuous critic who would baldly state, "Jones outplayed Smith today." It may well be that Smith played an unobtrusive tactical rôle more perfectly than Jones executed assignments which were inherently theatrical.

Every season there are a few standouts—football geniuses such as Hinkey, Heston, Thorpe, Coy, Mahan, Schultz, Muller and Carideo—who dominate the

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gridirons of their era. I cannot recall a season that produced more than three of these super stars—the other eight being picked more or less at random from a list of better than average beneficiaries of college ballyhoo.

It is physically and mentally impossible to canvas these vast United States, analyze the seasonal performance of approximately 7,500 players on 500 varsity teams—North, South, East and West—and arbitrarily name eleven men who actually deserve All-America rating. Obviously, a very paragon of all the football virtues would be buried at Mt. Union, Millsaps or Spearfish. He might be the greatest tackle or halfback in the country, but lack of major competition would automatically eliminate him. In the absence of interlocking schedules who can demonstrate convincingly that Hein of Washington State is superior to Ticknor of Harvard at center or vice versa? Those teams don't play in the same league.

It is axiomatic that membership on a championship eleven entitles a better than ordinary player to serious consideration for All-American laurels. Given such lethal blocking as Notre Dame always exhibits, a run-of-the-mine halfback is apt to receive national recognition. Rockne's hop shift, cloaking the carrier with impenetrable interference, is the open sesame to All-America fame.

How do Walter Camp's self-elected successors go about the harmless though what sales managers term national distribution?

Of late years it has become the vogue to exploit some relatively unknown player from an out of the way football district, such as the Rocky Mountain or Southwest Conference. This lends validity to the selection, provides an illusion of thoroughness. By picking a mystery man from the football jungles the selectors virtually say, "See, there is no region too remote for our scouts to cover."

In all fairness it should be said that the various agencies engaged in sponsoring this autumn fad conscientiously strive to pick representative teams. The selectors honestly believe that their freedom of choice is unrestricted, is not colored by prejudiced propaganda, but actually players are "built up" to All-America stature by insidious exponents of the ballyhoo, even as second rate prize fighters are built up for one lucrative shot at the championship.

Places on the All-America team are coveted jealously by chambers of commerce, regional associations, publicity-mad coaches, ambitious graduate managers, and by those perennial Peter Pans, the old grads. The Pacific Coast vies with the South, East and Midwest in seeking to elevate as many native sons as possible to niches in the hall of fame. College contends with college for the same laurel sprigs.

Some players—two or three a year—are born great; a few more really achieve greatness, but the majority of All-America candidates have greatness thrust upon them by agencies which are not disinterested. For example, let us

Underwood

GEORGE OWEN
A "money player" who was overlooked

say that Orewash State College, an agricultural school tucked away in the yellow pine forests of the Northwest, craves the notoriety accruing from a place on the All-America team. The trick is to create a widespread acceptance for some Orewash player by means of a sustained building up process. The Orewash graduate manager interviews head coach Boyle. "Have we any player who is flashy enough to make good on some high pressure publicity?" asks the manager.

Boyle is a bit dubious. He mentions center rush Roughem as the most likely to fill the bill. Roughem has his faults, but he is big, aggressive, a savage tackler, and redheaded. That last specification is important. Every football observer knows that it is easy to ballyhoo a redhead.

"Suppose we try to put Roughem across," says the manager. "Play him loose on defense and let him rove all over the lot. Open field tackling always appeals to spectators and newspapermen. Even if he does get decoyed out of position, nobody except the rival coach and the players will be the wiser.

"I'll tell our publicity bureau to concentrate on Roughem. After each game our press agent will play him up for all the traffic will bear. Reiteration does it. If you keep hammering away on one tune people will soon join the chorus. I'll tip off our press box announcer to yell 'tackled by Roughem' at the slightest provocation. See that he takes off his headguard every so often. I want the mob to notice that fiery shock of hair. 'Red Roughem' sounds swell in print. I'll get the Chamber of Commerce behind this scheme, appeal to local newspaper writers to boost home products and stir up state pride. This local-boy-makes-good stuff is always a publicity getter. Anyhow, they've made All-Americans out of worse guys than this here Roughem."

Great is the force of the ballyhoo. It moulds public opinion. It persuades critics into seeing what partisans want them to see. It colors judgment. Shout All-America often enough and the label is apt to stick.

Thus it may happen that when the honor roll pickers begin to assemble their mythical lineups the alliterative name of Red Roughem adorns the roster of centers. If luck breaks in favor of the Orewash boosters there may be a dearth of eastern centers that particular season. One of Camp's successors, snug in his metropolitan sanctums, discovers that the Pacific Coast lacks adequate representation. He has never seen Roughem but he has heard about him—you can trust the Orewash publicity bureau for that. Every week's mail brings a scarlet banded press release to his desk, extolling in circus-adjective hyperbole the manifold virtues of "Red Roughem, the puma of the pines."

"Aha," says our Delphic oracle, "here is just the man I need to round out my All-America team. Nobody here has ever seen him so there can't be any odious comparisons. Roughem is a safe selection—and it will tickle my Pacific Coast constituents. The newspapers out there say he's a marvel."

No sooner has Roughem's name appeared on one All-America team than other selectors adopt him as their own.

(Please Turn to Page 677)

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▶▶ Balancing Production and Consumption ◀◀

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

SOME of our business diagnosticians attribute our present economic ailments to the alleged fact that the Malthusian law has been reversed. Those readers whose knowledge of economics has become a bit rusty will not object to being reminded that according to the Malthusian theory population tends to increase in a geometrical ratio (1, 2, 4, 8, etc.), while its food supply tends to increase only in an arithmetical ratio (1, 2, 3, 4). Obviously, if these tendencies were allowed free rein mankind would eventually face starvation, but since Thomas R. Malthus announced his theory over a century ago the average man in civilized countries has come to enjoy a greater abundance of goods than ever before, in spite of the increase of population during this period.

To some critics this seems to indicate that Malthus was wrong. But his defenders insist that the very danger of meeting the rigors of the law he has enunciated has driven men to improve their methods of production and at the same time to avoid an increase of their numbers at a rate inconsistent with the maintenance of existing living standards.

There are a few economists who now go even further and maintain that under existing conditions the tendencies cited by Malthus have been reversed; that we have slowed down the growth of population to something like arithmetical progression and have speeded up the production of goods to approximately geometrical progression.

Now, what has all this to do with our present troubles? Simply this: it explains, we are told, the causes of our present overproduction and such complications as falling prices and unemployment which have followed. In a word, mass production has been the means of defeating Malthusianism; we have avoided overpopulation, but have not succeeded in escaping the lesser evil of overabundance.

Turn in almost any direction today and we find a situation where great abundance, instead of creating fat bank accounts, has created problems for economists, lawmakers and charity workers. Canada, like ourselves, has a troublesome wheat surplus. Cuba is groaning beneath a load of unwanted sugar. Brazil faces the same situation with its coffee, the East Indies with their rubber, Chile with its copper, Japan with its silk, and so on. Production at least for the time being has overtaken consumption, and a host of people are actually suffering want in the midst of plenty. Call it Malthusianism reversed or whatever you will, it is none the less a problem.

It may be taken for granted that we shall not discard mass production. The way out then, we are told, is to balance it with mass consumption. That sounds logical enough, but how to attain this balance is a matter on which there is great confusion of counsel. "Buy now, and buy more," is the prescription of one economic cult. "But how can we buy," retorts another, "if we have neither jobs nor money? The real trouble is that we bought too much, to be paid out of future income, when business was booming; and since we could not keep up consumption on such a scale indefinitely, trade and industry have had to slacken their pace."

"The way out of that situation is to bring down prices," say the doctors of another school of economic medicine. "No," says an opposing group, "the slump in prices is the chief cause of our woes. The real need is some scientific method for halting this downward trend, which is putting a damper on business enterprise and making it harder for debtors to meet their obligations."

"But prices have already come down," says still another group, "and what is needed now is a readjustment of wages, so that production once more can be carried on at a profit. When the rewards of capital and management have been reduced to zero the incentive to maintain production disappears and more and more people are thrown out of work. It is better that the wages of all should be readjusted to the lower level of prices, with the actual purchasing power of the workers remaining unimpaired, than that the wages of a few should be kept at an artificial level while others lose their jobs."

"We most emphatically disagree," says yet another group. "High wages are the only real guarantee of a return of prosperity. They furnish the solid basis for mass consumption, and any general lowering of wage-scales would lead inevitably to still greater business depression."

"You are all on the wrong track," exclaims another coterie of diagnosticians. "If demand has been lagging it is because in many lines consumption has been overstimulated by too liberal doses of credit. The unusual sales efforts put forth by these unduly expanded industries has diverted consumption from other lines, and now both groups are in the doldrums. We need to get back to normal methods of progress. The sorts of consumption which have been overdone need to be brought again within natural bounds. The businesses which have been deprived of their fair share of attention during the new-era madness need a chance to get back on their feet. It is not mass consumption we need so much as a more rational consumption —a consumption which does not mortgage the resources of the next generation in order to make new records of production merely for the sake of the record."

SO THERE we are. Who can say which group of doctors knows best what is the matter with the patient? Perhaps none of them is wholly wrong and none wholly right. The world's business is so vast and complicated that no single diagnosis and no single remedy will suffice. Those who have remedies would probably do well to offer them somewhat as H. G. Wells offered his a short time ago when he spoke over the radio on this subject to audiences on both sides of the Atlantic.

Mr. Wells thought that a balance between production and consumption might eventually be obtained through what he called community buying, but just how this was to be accomplished he admitted very frankly that he did not know. He hoped, however, that our grandchildren would find the key to the puzzle, so that recurrent periods of hard times would be avoided and every one would have all the physical comforts and cultural opportunities which are needed to make life worth living. Meantime, we of this generation will have to muddle through the best we can and by our continued process of trial and error help those who come after us to find Utopia.

But will it be Utopia when they find it? Hardly. Every new achievement brings new problems of its own, and our grandchildren will face one sort of problems just as our grandfathers faced another, and as we today are facing still another.

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The Stream of Business

By FRANK A. FALL

Weak Links

ANNIHILATION of the independent retailer by the chains is not proceeding at the anticipated rate of speed. In Los Angeles, for example, there are 2,707 independent grocers today, as compared with 2,722 a year ago. During the same period, chain stores in the Twelfth Federal Reserve district (covering the Pacific Coast states) showed a loss of more than 12 per cent in sales per store.

One reason for the slowing up of the chain Juggernaut is the increasing unwillingness of the independents to be run over, and another is the improved merchandising methods they have put into operation. But possibly the most significant reason may be found in the chains' own limitations, and particularly in the weaknesses of certain units.

Three large chain organizations have recently had to eat crow because of the devious methods of local managers. In a western state a manager was fined $200 for selling turkeys 1½ pounds short of the weight marked on the tag. In a Virginia city several managers connected with another chain were also fined for short weight. And nearly everybody knows by this time of the widely advertised sale of Palmolive soap, orders being filled with "Palm" soap.

Still another chain organization has closed up 408 local outlets because they were being operated at a loss. This particular enterprise saw the writing on the wall and was able to read, interpret and act on it. Others are likely to learn before the end of 1931 that it is possible to be too large for comfort and even too large for safety.

A Short Catechism

WHAT industry in the United States has a total property investment of approximately 26 billion dollars?

What industry has spent $6,298,000,000 during the past eight years in enlarging and improving its equipment and facilities?

What industry, facing increased and intensified competition, has nevertheless faithfully kept the generous promises it made during President Hoover's business conferences?

The answer to all three of these questions is—the Class I railways of the United States (roads whose operating revenues amount to a million dollars or more each year).

Just why we do not show more pride than we do in the remarkable record made by our carriers is a Class I mystery. Since the roads were returned to private operation in 1920 the improvements made have been amazing. Locomotives and freight cars are in much better condition; average daily mileage of freight cars has been increased; more tons of freight per train are carried; train speed has been increased, with less fuel to do the same work; car shortages have been eliminated and loss and damage to freight greatly reduced.

With less than 8 per cent of the world's area and less than 7 per cent of its population, we have 32 per cent of the world's railway mileage. In 1929 our roads transported nearly two and one-half billion tons of freight. That seems to us to be something of an achievement, but since so few people appear to agree with us, we are driven to the conclusion that we must be wrong.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) December 11—79.8. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) December 11—70.4.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended November 29—702,085 cars (reduction of 77,672 under preceding week and of 134,225 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended December 6—37% of capacity (reduction of 2% under preceding week and of 26.5% under same week of 1929).

Crude Oil Production Week ended December 6—daily average gross 2,229,250 barrels (reduction of 35,750 under preceding week and of 401,300 under same week of 1929).

Grain Exports Week ended December 6—1,342,000 bushels (increase of 1,081,000 over preceding week; reduction of 1,598,000 under same week of 1929).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended December 11—$8,062,332,000 (reduction of 19.3% under preceding week and of 34.7% under same week of 1929).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended December 11—562 (reduction of 36 under preceding week; increase of 48 over same week of 1929).

Vagaries—Series 12

THAT America has no monopoly of the world's queer goings-on is indicated by the fact that this will be an all-foreign series of the Vagaries. Among the oddities dug up by our overseas correspondents are:

1. That unsuccessful attempt of an unknown man to kidnap an airplane at Le Bourget. He crashed, but got away without being caught.

2. That new type of street car now in operation in Dresden. The motorman operates his switches by push buttons and his brakes by pedals.

3. Those experiments with artificial fog as a protection against frost at Vierlande, where most of the vegetables for the Hamburg market are raised.

4. That attempt of Turkey to relieve its economic crisis by the sale of the crown jewels of the Ottoman Empire, including the $13,000,000 peacock throne.

5. That restaurant in Cannes, which prints on its menus: "Notice to customers—It is absolutely not permitted to wipe rouged lips on the tablecloth or the napkins."

A Timely Symposium

SCOVILLE HAMLIN has collected, edited and presented with some generalizations and suggestions of his own, the ideas of seventeen reputable business doctors on the causes, extent and cure of overproduction.

The Menace of Overproduction (Wiley $2.75) has a Foreword by Stuart Chase, and the contributors of special chapters include Sir Henry Deterding of the Royal Dutch Shell Companies on oil; Charles F. Abbott on steel; C. E. Bockus on coal; H. P. Kendall, A. D. Whiteside, Thomas B. Hill and John E. Bassill on the textiles; Dr. O. E. Baker and Dr. J. G. Lipman on agriculture; Herbert H. Frost on radio; and H. S. Person of the Taylor Society on management.

Mr. Hamlin's specific suggestion is the substitution of *income* in place of profits as a motive for labor and investment. Capital and labor, he says, should be brought into use in due proportion to each other. New resources should be kept out of use until they are needed. A fair income return on each standard unit of investment would provide the desired balance between producing and consuming capacity.

Carried into the structure and organization of corporations this principle would, Mr. Hamlin believes, serve as a basis for distributing advantages and responsibilities between stockholders and the investors of labor. The preservation of a balance between the rate of corporate expansion and the rate of income growth will bring its reward. Overproduction will bring its penalty.

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Reviewer Joins Unemployed

YOUR reviewer is faced with a novel situation. There are no books to review this week. Such as have come in in the last fortnight are either very late or are not lead review material. (You will have noticed that we rarely discuss "news value" books in this department.)

What is happening in the book business? Just what is happening in other businesses. But something more. This time last year we were able to discuss the new literary talents which nineteen-twenty-nine had introduced to the reading public. This year there are no new talents worth discussing. Was the "writing game" another over-inflated industry? It seems probable. The publishing business used to be a field for the efforts of highly-cultured, idealistic men who entered it with the idea of financial success somewhat in the background. First of all they were interested in literature. They wanted to give talent a hearing, to give readers good books. With increasing literacy, with increasing interest in the educational and recreative value of reading, it was natural that the publishing business should grow. The facilities for the distribution of books developed rapidly. Advertising grew by leaps and bounds. Every paper worth its salt published regular, often daily, reviews of new books. Men who saw the publishing business first of all as a money-making venture began to go into it. It had a flavor of culture about it which compared favorably with the flavor attached to the professions, and it required neither so much training nor so much ability. The "panic" advertising methods of many publishers and of most of the book-clubs made books sell like hot cakes. So publishing houses began to tout for manuscripts. They became author-chasers and their methods were not always very different from those of ambulance-chasers. About five years ago your reviewer embarked upon the writing of a novel. The title was chosen and the first chapter written when she met a publisher at a party. A kindly-disposed friend said, "She's writing a novel." To this familiar phrase the publisher rose like a hungry trout. "May we have your novel?" said he. He had not seen a line of it, had never read a word that its author-in-posse had written. Your reviewer, not from integrity but from fear, murmured a feeble no, which was just as well as the novel never got beyond the title and the first chapter. But a few words and a page or so of script and the publisher would have offered a substantial "working-advance" and your author's product would have been announced in the spring catalogue. Books began to be contracted for in advance. An author with an idea, or an author who was ready to accept a publisher's idea, could get a contract and an advance and write a book. Biographies, especially, were frequently written this way. Presently the market was glutted. Then values fell, the dollar books were inaugurated by a number of publishers in the hope of saving the remnants of a tottering business; and here we are with not a book on hand that rates a review in a strictly literary department, and without a new talent to discuss.

All this is a good thing. It is a good thing for authors because it will eliminate the weak talents, and will prolong the sales period of books. It is a shocking thing to reflect that perhaps twenty really fine books published last year which, under normal publishing conditions, would go on selling over a period of years, were discarded by book-sellers and sold as publishers' remainders within six months after publication date. And it is a good thing for readers. There will, praise be, always be readers who select books according to their taste and judgment and not according to publication date. But they are in a minority. The mass of new readers, unable to make head or tail out of the mass of new books, follow the leader and buy and read the latest. So hundreds of people capable of appreciating and of cherishing good work are denied it because they are not given time to hear of it. And all this is a good thing for you and for us: because it gives a reviewless Christmas; gives time to reread Dickens' *Christmas Carol,* or Crashaw's Shepherds' Hymn or a still older story which begins —"And it came to pass in those days—"

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

Illustrations by Rockwell Kent for Random House's new edition of "Moby Dick"

Books in Brief

The Liberal College in Changing Society by J. B. Johnston, Ph.D. (Century $2.50). This intelligent book might well be read in connection with Dr. Flexner's *Universities* (Oxford $3.50), which has been discussed in the Trend of Events section of this paper. Dr. Johnston, Dean of the College of Science, Literature and the Arts, at the University of Minnesota, discusses the objectives of the liberal college and outlines means whereby those objectives may be attained. His book is specific as well as general, presents practical plans as well as theories, contains graphs as well as ideas. Especially interesting to this reviewer are the chapters which describe a system by which the freshman year at college becomes a period of orientation and examination which automatically eliminates those

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students incapable of higher education, and allocates the others according to their special abilities. "The first concern of the college," writes Dr. Johnston, "is to find persons of superior intelligence, and to discover all the kinds of ability and interest which these persons possess." "The institutions of higher learning," he says, "are the organs of intelligence and inform the conscience of the nation." And, "It is this strategic position which gives the college the right and the duty to choose its students." Such a statement is good reading to those of us who begin to think that to the colleges of business, domestic science, journalism, interior decoration and so on which form our universities should be added a "College of Athletics and Contacts" where the young men who go to college to play games and to make the friends to whom they may eventually sell bonds or garters, and the young women who go to pass pleasantly the years between high school and matrimony may run free, leaving room in the college of liberal arts for those who wish to pursue wisdom and develop character.

Living Africa by Bailey Willis (McGraw-Hill $4). This is the record, compiled largely from letters which the author wrote to friends at home, of a geologist's wanderings in central Africa. Mr. Willis was sent with a colleague to study the formation of the "rift valleys" with a view to determining how they happened. These valleys are deep cuts in the earth's surface, and Mr. Willis does explain, in his final chapter, how he believes them to have been formed. But this reviewer is no geologist and the explanation leaves her still in the dark. And willing to stay there. Most of Mr. Willis' book is given over to description of his adventures. It is no longer a novelty to read of travels in darkest Africa, and in matter and manner Mr. Willis' book resembles scores of others. Insatiable lovers of travel books will no doubt enjoy this one.

Betsey Ross by Edwain S. Parry (Winston $2) is a book which, though not written for young people, is so direct, simple and story-like that it will please young lovers of biography. The story of the maker of the first American flag is not one of physical adventure, but Betsey Ross was a quaker rebel, having been expelled from her communion for holding militaristic views and for marrying a man of another faith. She made the first flag to General Washington's order, he having been brought to her by Captain Ross, her husband, and furnishing the design. Although this was the romantic high-light in her long life, she was much occupied with the Free Quakers, of which body she was an original member, and with her large family. She married three times and was three times widowed by war. This book, written by a descendant of Betsy Ross's, is based on original documents, including a diary.

F. L. R.

Little America by Richard E. Byrd (Putnam $5). If you still yearn for details of the Antarctic Expedition this book should prove ample to meet your needs. It is a copious report (400 pages) of the expedition, consisting in the main of excerpts from Commander Byrd's diaries and notes made during his sojourn in Little America. You'll find everything here from a record of discoveries and scientific exploration to the menu for Christmas dinner and a description of what the well-dressed dog should wear in the antarctic.

Art-Song in America by William T. Upton (Ditson $3). In contrast to Isaac Goldberg's *Tin Pan Alley*, the splendid history of American popular music which was reviewed in the Outlook of November 26, we find in *Art-Song in America* a survey of American classical music with particular emphasis laid on song-composition of the concert type. The analysis which starts with the eighteenth century, naming Francis Hopkinson, a contemporary of George Washington, as the pioneer in American Song, takes us step by step through the development of this musical form and shows it to be principally influenced by German study and tradition, occasionally being touched by the Negro idiom or the Indian element but brushing them sternly aside and remaining persistently German until the twentieth century when much of French and Russian influence became apparent. The survey includes mention of the principal performers and composers as well as reproducing the words and music of many of the actual songs. So clear and legible are these reproductions that students of music may "try them on their pianos." This book has not the comprehensiveness and thoroughness of Goldberg's history of popular music but it is, of course, dealing with a more restricted phase of music. It should none the less find a welcome place in all musicians' libraries as well as prove interesting to those who take pleasure in following the devious pathways of the muse in this country.

The Navajo Indians by Mary Roberts Coolidge and Dane Coolidge (Houghton Mifflin $4). Here is one of the finest studies of the Indian that has so far been done. It is as thorough and understanding as it is fair and unbiased. No two persons could be more perfectly qualified to do a study of the Navajos than Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge as they have long been familiar figures in the Navajo country and have many close friends among these Indians. They have also been faithful students of the Mongolians, having spent a number of years in China and written racial studies of these people. This fact is of particular interest in connection with the present work inasmuch as the Coolidges show the Navajos to be Mongolian in origin. Having descended from the great race which produced Genghis Khan, they deserted their homelands and made their way westward over the ice-covered Bering Sea. This theory will probably come as news even to many of those who have been more than casually interested in Indian history, but there are many ethnological proofs which bear out the theory. Students have found such marked similarity of racial characteristics, of language and notably of customs, that there is little margin of doubt that the Navajos are direct descendants of the Mongols. *The Navajo Indians* is a fascinating history of this interesting people, presenting in addition to their racial origin, their life and customs, their arts and

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crafts, their mythology and ceremony, and their present relationship to the government and the adjustments they have made to civilization. The book is generously illustrated with many splendid photographs taken by the authors and with drawings depicting the Indian arts, customs and superstitions. B. W.

Behind the Blurbs

RIAN JAMES' *Dining in New York*[1] is one of the best books of its kind which we have ever seen. To give accurate information regarding 125 restaurants is a feat in itself, but when the information is put into a form which is interesting and amusing to read,—well, we don't know just how to end that sentence; maybe it's a couple of feat. Anyway it's a swell book, and if you live in or ever visit New York, you'll want a copy. ☙ ☙ ☙ When you hear of spies and the Revolution, you think at once of Major André and Nathan Hale. You will find them and also Robert Townsend of Oyster Bay, who was the head of Washington's secret service, in *The Two Spies*[2], by Morton Pennypacker, a beautifully printed and illustrated book which is not a narrative but a compilation of records, especially letters and journals. ☙ ☙ ☙ If we were a multimillionaire, we'd bribe Henry Baerlein to write us long daily letters as he travels about the world. It wouldn't be easy to bribe him, for the things he most prizes are not bought with money, as you'll see if you read *Dreamy Rivers*[3], a book that chronicles various things that happened to him in his wanderings through Czecho-Slovakia. It's not a travel book, nor, if it charms you into visiting Czecho-Slovakia, as well it may, are you likely to have the same experiences that he did, or meet the same people. It's not the real Czecho-Slovakia he pictures, and yet it is the true one. You will understand it better for having read his book, just as you understand Germany better if you read its fairy tales. Some day the critics are going to discover Baerlein—*The House of the Fighting Cocks, Mariposa,* and the rest—and these books will be reissued, and sold widely, and perhaps at long last Prof. Phelps, that prophet of the *fait accompli,* pressing boldly forward in the last rank, will set upon them the seal of his immense approval. Then Baerlein will be "made." In the meantime, read him if you care for distinctive and beautifully written prose. ☙ ☙ ☙ A one volume edition of *In the Arabian Desert*[4], by Alois Musil, has been compiled by Katharine Wright from the six volume edition which the National Geographical Society issued a few years ago. Professor Musil is the greatest living authority on the history, topography and folklore of the desert land about which Doughty, Lawrence and Gertrude Bell wrote. ☙ ☙ ☙ In an introduction which he contributes to Geoffrey West's *H. G. Wells*[5], Mr. Wells says—"I have never taken any very great pains about writing. I am outside the hierarchy of conscious and deliberate writers altogether. I am the absolute antithesis of Mr. James Joyce." To which Mr. Joyce would probably reply in the words of Dr. Parks when told that he and his brother were totally unlike—"Sir, we both thank you." West's book is entertaining, because Wells's life has been as varied as that of any of his characters, and his mind more dynamic than any which he has created. ☙ ☙ ☙ One of the new books on astronomy is Harlan True Stetson's *Man and the Stars*[6], a readable account of the outstanding events in man's discovery of a universe and the effect of those events upon man's reaction to his environment. The last part of the book concerns itself with the probability of life on other planets, life's cosmic significance and the relation of science to religion. ☙ ☙ ☙ If you want to know what radio is, does and expects to be, read *This Thing Called Broadcasting*[7], which takes up every side of radio activity and deals with it in a thorough and competent manner. Our only criticism of the book is that it is a bit rambling. We'd like the story told in a more straightforward way. Trying to "brighten it up" has merely made it move more slowly. It is, however, authoritative, being written by the Vice-President of the R. C. A., and it answers all of the questions you are likely to ask. ☙ ☙ ☙ And if your thirst for knowledge in this field still has not been quenched, try *Conqueror of Space*[8], the fascinating story of Lee deForest, the Father of Radio. From his lonely and toyless boyhood in Alabama this book takes us through the years of struggle and hardship which were finally crowned with recognition as the conqueror of space. The life of the inventor falls into three

1. Day, $2.50.
2. Houghton, Mifflin, $5.00.
3. Simon and Schuster, $2.50.

The Outlook's Five-Inch Shelf
For Week-End Reading

Mystery: **The Garston Murder Case,** by H. C. Bailey: Crime Club.

Novel: **Imperial Palace,** by Arnold Bennett: Doubleday Doran.

Biography: **Henry of Navarre,** by Henry Dwight Sedgwick: Bobbs Merrill.

Miscellaneous: **The Navajo Indians,** by Mary Roberts Coolidge and Dane Coolidge: Houghton Mifflin.

4. Liveright, $5.00.
5. Norton, $3.00.
6. McGraw-Hill, $2.50.
7. By A. N. Goldsmith & A. C. Lescarboura: Holt, $3.50.
8. By Georgette Carneal: Liveright, $3.00.

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The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

Fiction

The Deepening Stream, by Dorothy Canfield: Harcourt, Brace. A rich, moving story of a woman's growth into fullness of life. Reviewed October 15.

Philippa, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick: Houghton Mifflin. A highly readable novel about a modern girl and her divorced parents. Reviewed November 5.

The Water Gipsies, by A. P. Herbert: Doubleday Doran. A charming, leisurely novel of English people and waterways by a humorist whose love for both does not take the edge off his wit. Reviewed November 19.

Twenty-Four Hours, by Louis Bromfield: Stokes. Dextrous but undeceiving imitation of life in a story of New Yorkers. Reviewed September 24.

Success, by Lion Feuchtwanger: Viking Press. This huge study of the far-reaching effects of injustice is a devastating picture of one post-war period. The scene is Germany. Reviewed November 5.

Non-Fiction

Little America, by Richard E. Byrd: Putnam. Brief review in this issue.

Lives of a Bengal Lancer, by F. Yeats-Brown: Viking Press. An exciting account of a many-sided life in India. Reviewed November 5.

N by E, by Rockwell Kent: Brewer and Warren. Picturesque adventure on a trip to Labrador and Greenland copiously illustrated with the author-artist's vivid wood-cuts.

The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. Picturesque autobiography of a famous doctor, now available in a new edition with special preface by the author. Reviewed May 21.

Jeb Stuart, by Capt. John W. Thomason: Scribner's. A detailed and picturesque history of the great Confederate cavalryman. Illustrated by the author. Reviewed December 17.

In This Issue

GUY GREER is a specialist in economics. Following the War he served on various commissions of the Versailles Peace Conference and was later attached to the Reparations Commission. Mr. Greer was also formerly a member of the staff of the Institute of Economics at Washington and is the author of *The Ruhr-Lorraine Industrial Problem* and a forthcoming book dealing with the business depression.

JOHN S. GREGORY is a well-known sports writer and a member of the staff of a New York daily.

STEPHANIE DILLON is Russian by birth, though American by marriage. She has recently returned from an extended trip to Russia, part of which she describes in her article. Miss Dillon is also a frequent contributor to the magazines.

Next Week

Radio vs. the Press, by Frank Parker Stockbridge.

The growth of radio broadcasting as an advertising medium raises the question whether radio will eventually drive the daily newspapers out of business. The author reviews the interrelationships of the two mediums of news publishing and advertising and concludes that the newspapers are more likely to absorb the broadcasting stations than *vice versa.*

A General Staff for Business, by Guy Greer.

In the second of his two articles on the current business depression, Mr. Greer presents his remedy for the economic ills which have resulted in the present crisis. Mr. Greer's solution lies in the appointment of a permanent Economic General Staff to control production in relation to purchasing power and to regulate employment not only in proportion to controlled production but also to proper industrial expansion.

We Have a House Plan, by Lucius Beebe.

Edward S. Harkness's gift of $12,000,000 to Harvard, originally refused by Yale, to establish two residential quadrangles similar to the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, came, as President Lowell described it, as the culmination of a plan which his administration had fostered for twenty years. Unfortunately, however, the author reports that the undergraduates have expressed no such appreciation of Mr. Harkness's gift. They are, in fact, Mr. Beebe points out, somewhat in the position of looking a gift horse in the mouth.

periods of endeavor: from the first, which was devoted to wireless telegraphy, he gave the world an automatic detector that made possible the use of the telephone as a receiver for wireless signals; from the second period came the audion or vacuum tube by means of which the human voice was sent through the air, and from the last period we have the perfecting of the phonofilm which made our "talking movie" possible. ☙ ☙ ☙ *Crime and Destiny*[9] is an effort to prove, through the examination of a number of case histories of criminal twins, that heredity is the determining factor in the making of an habitual criminal. Monozygotic twins—that is, twins derived from the same fertilized ovum, appear to have exactly the same criminal tendencies; while dizygotic twins—those derived from separately fertilized ova, may show wide variations of behavior. Crime *is* destiny, says Professor Lange, whose book those interested in crime and its prevention, should read. ☙ ☙ ☙ They say that painters always tend to exaggerate in their portraits their own most salient characteristics. We wonder if Mr. H. C. Bailey isn't very rotund, for both Mr. Fortune and Mr. Clunk, who figure in his detective stories, are overweight. The chubby, smug and hypocritical Joshua Clunk, clever and shifty criminal lawyer, who solves *The Garston Murder Case*[10], in an entertaining character. Tony Wisberry finds evidence to prove that his father, who disappeared many years ago, had discovered a steel hardening process now used by the great steel firm of Garstons. He tries to see Lord Croyland, head of the firm, meets a pretty nurse who is looking after Croyland's aged mother, then, when the aged mother is murdered, comes under suspicion. There's another murder, and the disappearance of the nurse, and stolen letters, and queer goings on in the ruins—and through all of it wanders Joshua Clunk, to the disgust and puzzlement of the police, who can't make out what he's up to. Neither can the reader until the end of the story, when all is made clear. We recommend this one. ☙ ☙ ☙ There's something very gratifying about the promise implied in the title of the *Annual of American Design 1931*[11]. Collectors of beautiful picture books will hover over the pages of this one and anticipate the promised volumes to come. Over 300 illustrations display examples of decorative, applied and industrial art—work of the country's foremost designers. As an official document of that healthy organization, AUDAC, the American Union of Dec-

9. By Johannes Lange: Boni Paper Books, 50 cents.
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orative Artists and Craftsmen, it is significant. There has been obvious borrowing of ideas from the modern French, Austrian and German artists, yet their principles of design are international enough, after all. The point is that a large group of gifted Americans are experimenting with these new principles and that Big Business is becoming aware of their talents and using them to design new forms of decoration suited to present day living. What's more, the public is recognizing the designer's part in all this and asks for that printed silk with the Steichen photographic design, the pewter ash trays designed by the Hoffmans, Bel Geddes' Simmons bed, Frankl's celluloid toilet set. These artists will apparently try anything. The text is apt to be passed over in one's interest in the illustrations, but Frank Lloyd Wright expounds the principles of design, Edward Steichen outlines the status of commercial photography, Paul Frankl the home of the future, and Lee Simonson pleads for more radical experimentation with the new materials and methods of manufacture which will so lower the costs that the modern movement will have a fair chance of living to become a vital influence in reforming American taste.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

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▶▶ Are Children People? ◀◀

Psychology and the New Generation

THE world has changed tremendously since that first Christmas, so many centuries ago. But in one way it has remained constant. Wise men still follow the star that leads to a child. And although psychologists say that past methods of child-training have always been wrong, in its fumbling way, each generation has worshipped youth. Parents, God bless them, have certainly had rough treatment for all their mistakes. Now, however, comes their great opportunity. If they begin to read and apply even a tenth of one per cent of each season's output of books on the psychology of childhood, the young now in process and the young who are to come will never be able to develop strong characters by being misunderstood.

Meaning no disrespect to authors of many of these valuable tomes, we can't help being bored, sometimes, by their heavy-handed presentation of what should be highly interesting material. So, when a book on child-training appears, and proves to be really good reading, we get a special thrill. One such, *The Modern Parent* by Garry Cleveland Myers (Greenberg) is actually being passed around by commuting fathers.

It is an unusual book. One would like to quote and quote, to show its spirit. The idea is that parents should regard their children as their friends, not as their possessions. Dr. Myers thinks that we are all unnecessarily rude to children, that we deny them ordinary courtesy. In the matter of interrupting them, for instance, he shows how difficult it is for children ever to be heard, as well as seen.

"The child of three is sitting by the fireside with his parents. He begins to tell about the adventures of his imaginary companion . . . . His parents seem to be listening . . . . When the child has almost reached the climax of his story the mother says, 'Come here, dear, and let me see your eye. I never noticed that little spot on your eyelid before. Daddy, it must be a mole.' Father is concerned and they begin to talk about the mole. If they had ever heard what the boy said it is forgotten. How the child is disappointed! . . . Now he knows that the most important thing to him in all the world is of less importance than a spot upon his eye." So it goes. We are shown how children are contradicted, commanded, given small values when it comes to telling the truth and being honest. Yet, parents will not be utterly downcast as they read. For Dr. Myers, having children of his own, knows how complex are the difficulties.

A cow needs no psychiatrist to tell her what's wrong with her stubborn calf. She gets along with instinct and common sense. But the human mother needs more, say Nelson Antrim Crawford and Karl A. Menninger, M.D., editors of *The Healthy Minded Child* (Coward-McCann). In this symposium various authorities on child study and mental hygiene offer, in painless terminology, the most recent scientific conclusions in their fields.

Down to the definite problem of what to do next, is V. M. Hillyer's *Child Training* (Century), a system of education for children under school age. The author finds lazy-mindedness the chief mental trouble of all ages and shows how to stimulate the formation of good habits by programs, drills and exercises. Parents who are not resourceful in giving the right answers to eager little questioners, and finding occupations and games that do not merely fill in time, without educational value, will do well to invest in this practical handbook.

Moving rapidly from pre-school years to young womanhood, we believe that *New Girls for Old* by Phyllis Blanchard and Carlyn Manassas (Macaulay) should be made required reading for all who have to do with modern youth. Through these pages the girl of today speaks for herself, revealing our changing ethics. We learn what she thinks about family, education, vocation, recreation and—in particular—sex. With an almost chaste simplicity, the intimate problems of adolescence are discussed, the girls telling in their own way what their problems of love have been. To those of the old school who have regarded women as unawakened china dolls, the discovery that sex feelings belong to girls as well as boys, may be a revelation. Flaming youth is not confined to males. According to Dr. Blanchard, in her composite picture of what girls want from life, the flame of youth is this—first, to have a home, husband and children; next, the satisfaction that comes from creative work in art or literature; finally, wealth and leisure or else a chance to share in the solution of social problems. Perhaps, this new girl, like the so-called new woman, is only a chip of the old block with a few modern improvements.

FLORENCE GUY SEABURY.

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▶▶ The Theatre ◀◀

By OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

EXTRAVAGANZA is an old-fashioned theatrical word which has not been used much lately. The management of *The New Yorkers* can hardly, however, be reproved for using it to describe their offering. Seldom can so much proven talent have been bent to create a revue—Peter Arno and Herbert Fields on the book; Cole Porter, Jimmy Durante and Fred Waring on the words and music; Peter Arno and Charles Lemaire on the sets and costumes; and Ann Pennington, Hope Williams, Frances Williams, Marie Cahill, Charles King, Richard Carle, Clayton, Jackson and Durante and Waring's Pennsylvanians appearing in person. Not that those mentioned turned out the show unaided. There are lots of others involved, but space permits me to mention only those with national and international reputations. Well, it is my duty to report that out of that dazzling array only Waring's Pennsylvanians emerge with their reputations unsullied—let alone enhanced. The only reflection on Miss Pennington and Mr. Carle is along the lines of questioning their judgment in allowing themselves to be submerged beneath the weight of so much topheavy material.

After his work for *Fifty Million Frenchmen* last year it is Cole Porter's contributions to *The New Yorkers* that disappoint me the most. Musically his songs are only pale copies of his and other people's past successes—especially *The Great Indoors* which has a theme identical to that of *Unlucky in Gambling*. Granted it shall be that his polysyllabic rhymes still have an ease and a fitness that Mr. Ira Gershwin's lack but Mr. Porter's old wit is conspicuously absent. The nearest to the sort of thing I miss is when Frances Williams is permitted to issue a blanket invitation to casual callers to "bite your initial on my artificial tan" and in the same song concludes that she "takes no chances, sitting on my Frances—in the great indoors." But that's the only glimmer I can detect through the murk of routine songs that anybody might have written. It remains for Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians to register the most effective musical interlude—a collegiate drinking scene in Reuben's Restaurant, with words and music by Mr. Waring himself.

I am reluctant to believe that I am getting tired of Jimmy Durante. I don't even see any very good reason why he should have to write himself any new material. *The Hot Patata, Data, Wood, Venice* and part of the old shipwreck scene all reappear in *The New Yorkers*. They are still good. It is simply that a huge auditorium like the Broadway Theatre, né The Colony, is not the place for Jimmy. I want to see every inimitable gesture and grimace and hear every word of the great philosopher and satirist. In that "barn" nine tenths of the audience cannot. It is not large enough, however, for any one to miss the painful, stupid and forced vulgarity of the hospital scene. This unattractive episode, against which you are duly warned, calls for the services of Messrs. Clayton, Jackson, Durante, and Richard Carle. I am sorry for them.

Inasmuch as there is no reason why she should read any of the lines in *The New Yorkers* in anything but her usual monotonous drawl, Miss Hope Williams is far less irritating to me than she has been since the days of *Paris Bound*. And she does enter into the *Venice* number pleasantly enough. The other Miss Williams, the blonde Frances, leaves one with the impression that you wish she had better songs but that she can't quite rise above the ones she has to deal with and make you really enthusiastic about them.

Mr. Peter Arno's sets and his and Mr. Lemaire's costumes do not call for particular comment either way. No doubt the names in the cast and the smartness of the present vogue for Peter Arno, Cole Porter and Hope Williams—no matter what they do—will insure a long run for *The New Yorkers* in the largest legitimate theatre in town, but to me—with the exceptions noted—it is only pretentious, garish and badly proportioned.

Recommended Plays

Bad Girl: Sylvia Sidney and Paul Kelly as a couple of believable Bronx morons.
Jane Cowl: Alternates every four days fine productions of **Art and Mrs. Bottle** and **Twelfth Night.**
Elizabeth the Queen: A good play with the Lunts.
Fine and Dandy: Joe Cook, Joe Cook and Joe Cook.
Girl Crazy: Willie Howard is funny and Ethel Merman puts over the songs.
Grand Hotel: The dramatic success of the season.
Mrs. Moonlight: Delightful English sentiment tempered with wit.
Oh, Promise Me: Topical farce about the breach of promise game. Broad and funny.
Once in a Lifetime: The Hollywood lampoon.
On the Spot: Edgar Wallace's thrilling and amusing Chicago impressions.
Overture: The critics are divided. Go and make up your own mind. There's food for thought and good acting.
Vinegar Tree: Hilarious farce with good characterization and Mary Boland.
Flying High, Strictly Dishonorable and **The Green Pastures** remain from last year.

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The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"See America Thirst"

SATIRES are so rare on the screen that although *See America Thirst* is far from perfect, it is definitely something to be thankful for. It actually has a little fun at the expense of the movies themselves, in particular those gang war and night club films we have been so plagued with in the past few years. The characters are two tramps, Harry Langdon and Slim Summerville, who unwittingly become involved in the affairs of a big bootleg syndicate, and encounter "Tarface Spumoni" and "Gunkist Casey." They also meet Bessie Love, a "gunman's moll" who is actually, she confides, "from the district attorney's office." In the head office of the corporation is an illuminated portrait of "Tarface Spumoni" himself, before whom all the directors pause as they go about their business. Quartered for the night in a penthouse apartment belonging to the gang, Langdon and his companion discover that the beds have bullet-proof shields equipped with gun-slots, and that a sixteen-inch gun slowly emerges from the top of their skyscraper when they pull the wrong levers. The final episode shows a real gang war in progress with opposing gangs facing each other from trenches dug on opposite sides of the street. *See America Thirst* is badly in need of cutting, and the dialogue might be a whole lot funnier, but somebody on the Universal lot deserves credit for making a valiant effort to depart from time-worn formulas.

"Only Saps Work"

As far as this department is concerned, the best comedian in this resurrection of Owen Davis' old farce is Stuart Erwin, a lad who gets better and better every time he appears. Technically the star of this film is Leon Errol, well known to Broadway musical shows—and he is all right—but Stuart Erwin's comic interludes have just the right mixture of stupidity and sense. Not much can be said for *Only Saps Work*. Originally it had a great many jokes about sanitariums and doctors, but fortunately these have been left out. Mary Brian and Richard Arlen furnish the necessary young love.

"Danger Lights"

The newest wide screen development is the Spoor-Berggren process which Radio Pictures is demonstrating with a good old-time blood and thunder movie about railroad men called *Danger Lights*. While this new photographic process claims to offer "natural vision" or a "third dimension," I am afraid it is pretty much like all other wide screen projections. It is true that many of the scenes give very fair illusions of depth, but not perceptibly more than the ordinary process. Furthermore, the entire image vibrates on the screen a great deal more than usual. *Danger Lights* is one of those honest homespun dramas of the devotion of railroad men for their engines, the Road, their pals and their sweethearts. It includes everything from Louis Wolheim to a scene in which the hero's foot is caught in a switch just as the express comes thundering down the grade. Is he rescued just in the nick of time? Oh, boy!

Worth Seeing

All Quiet on the Western Front: Remarque's book faithfully done onto film. Exciting and devastating.

The Blue Angel: Emil Jannings and Marlene Dietrich give magnificent performances in a somber but moving film from Germany. In English.

The Doorway to Hell: A story about Al Capone showing how he himself may some day be put on the spot.

Min and Bill: Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery storming at each other in a waterfront drama.

Morocco: Adolphe Menjou, Gary Cooper and Marlene Dietrich down in Morocco where people go "to forget."

Laughter: Easily one of the best comedies of the year. Nancy Carroll and Donald Ogden Stewart's civilized dialogue.

Two Hearts in Waltz Time: Although it is all in German this is grand entertainment. Nice waltz tunes.

Other New Films

The Boudoir Diplomat: Pale pink version of the stage play **The Command to Love.**

Free Love: Sidney Howard's play **Half Gods** after the censors had their fun.

Remote Control: That obnoxious William Haines boy at it again.

"Way for a Sailor"

John Gilbert's latest is about as wild-eyed as they come. Dealing with the brave boys of the merchant marine, it features a fire in mid-ocean, a collision, and a storm in which one boat is wrecked. The most interesting thing about *Way for a Sailor* is that it features that same pugnacious Jim Tully with whom Mr. Gilbert got into a fist fight in a Hollywood night club last winter. Mr. Tully will be remembered as the gentleman who wrote *Jarnegan* and many magazine articles about Hollywood. Not to mention Mr. Gilbert any further, it may be said that Wallace Beery is the only character in the story who is worth the trouble. *Way for a Sailor* is clumsily directed and includes such odd sequences as that in which Gilbert and Leila Hyams go for a walk down a foggy London street and in a few seconds are seen romping in the breezes of a sunlit sea coast which closely resembles that of La Jolla, California, U.S.A. Half an hour later, having put time and space to shame, they are back in the fog again.

Paramount

ANOTHER GARBO?

In many of her gestures Marlene Dietrich, the new German actress in "Morocco," suggests Greta Garbo. The gentleman is Gary Cooper

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From the Life

Happy Christmas

By IBBY HALL

THERE had evidently been no good fairies at his christening. But what bad fairies might have been there, had certainly been discomfited by his smile. One had only to see that beam of friendliness to imagine the bad fairies pulling their dark wraps tightly about their gnarled and craning necks, casting black looks over their shoulders and scuttling away from the hilarity of that cradle as fast as their twisted old broomsticks could carry them. It had been useless to leave bad gifts in the midst of all that joyousness and sunlight.

So he had come through life, poor child—years and years of it, generations of it finally—with no protection for his round cherubic face and heart full of delight. He never possessed much of anything except a sublime faith in the cheerfulness of life. He had no money, no talents, no business abilities. And so far as could be observed he never thought at all. But he was happy. Indeed the only cloud upon his brow was the occasional uncertainty that there might be others in this bright world who were far from being as happy as himself.

Sometimes, walking along the streets of his town, shabby and without a job perhaps, cold and hungry very likely, he would catch the troubled eye of a stranger and for a moment would be troubled in his turn. But only let the stranger look at him and his trustful, candid eyes would clear, the wrinkles of laughter would threaten his ruddy cheeks, and a hearty glow of cheerfulness would burst before the stranger's eyes like an unfailing sun. In spite of himself, the stranger would move on feeling better. Where had he seen that look before? The old fellow's expression vaguely reminded him of some one he must have known.

Yes, he was always reminding people of some one. The hearty old man with his infectious gleam and his innocent, jolly smile might pass a hundred people in an hour (when he was without a job) and each would feel a sudden lift and pleasure, almost as if he had been given something. Something bright and unexpected. He looked like—yes, he certainly looked like—But by then they had forgotten, and the picture of the old man was gone—as if he had vanished into thin air.

There were times indeed when he had difficulty that way, and might easily have become air or some such negligible substance, if an harassed restaurateur had not given him a sandwich or a cup of coffee for the pleasure of seeing him smile again; or a depressed employer had not taken him on at a small wage in order to look at him once in a while. Such kindness, naturally, was constantly renewing the old fellow's confidence in the goodness of the world. He had only to smile, and he would be allowed to live!

Having smiled and managed, somehow, for nearly eighty years, he was at last confused by those who talked of unemployment. "There is no way to eat," complained his neighbors bitterly, "except by selling apples on the sidewalks." And he noticed that a great many of them were as good as their word. Shrinkingly or boldly, desperately and bravely they stood along the streets, they turned up their coat collars and shivered. They sold apples. There was no other work. And Christmas—happy Christmas!—was on the way.

Now why, thought the old man to himself, and smiled at his own simplicity, had he never thought of selling apples on the sidewalk? He had been out of work for years and years (off and on) and nothing would have been more to his liking. He loved apples—he loved the people hurrying on the sidewalks—he even loved Christmas and the cold. So he lost no further time about it. He got himself a good supply of apples and, happening upon a busy corner as yet unappropriated, set up his little stand.

There he stood, his old cap pulled down upon his snowy hair, his blue eyes twinkling at a merry world, his cheeks as crimson as the fruit held in his hands, smiling!

Who was it that he looked like? thought the absent-minded crowd. Who was it—? Stopping to put their hands in their pockets and hurrying about their business again.

And presently the apples were all gone. That was bewildering. As soon as he could gather a supply they flew and melted from his hands like snowflakes. In a few days' time he felt that he was rich. No one in all the town could sell so many apples as himself! He felt himself the veritable king of unemployment.

And then one day a customer forgot to hurry on. He stopped and stared—at the apples, at the old man. Who was it? Why of course—why—he passed his hand across his brow.

"Look here!" he said excitedly. "Will you come and stand inside my store? Dressed up as Santa Claus?"

It was too much for the old man. The next day he found himself richer than ever. He had hired a little boy to sell his apples for him and was himself an employer. Meanwhile, in warm and magnificent clothes, with plenty in his stomach, he stood all day and smiled at awestruck children. He heard their secrets—he received their trembling homage. No king was equal to him! And it was too much for the old man.

He went home and counted up his dazzling wealth. This was success! This was what men fought and suffered for. Then what? What did one do with success? In that moment of awful realization, it was revealed to him. One went out and got drunk. He stood up, his pockets full of money, his head reeling in bright clouds, and went out with resolute step.

In the station house next day he was brought before the magistrate. An old man, in prison for the first time, he looked about him fearfully; his heart full of doubt.

"Drunk and disorderly," said the magistrate coldly. "Drunk and disorderly," he repeated. "Thirty days on the Island."

Perhaps the old man hadn't heard. Perhaps he didn't take it in. At any rate, he looked up with his clouded eyes and smiled. And then the magistrate remembered.

"Look here," said the magistrate suddenly, leaning towards the prisoner. "Don't you know that jail's no place for Santa Claus?"

The wrinkles deepened and the blue eyes cleared, and in that expanding smile of jollity, an old saint seemed to beam upon the court.

"Sentence suspended," said the court abruptly.

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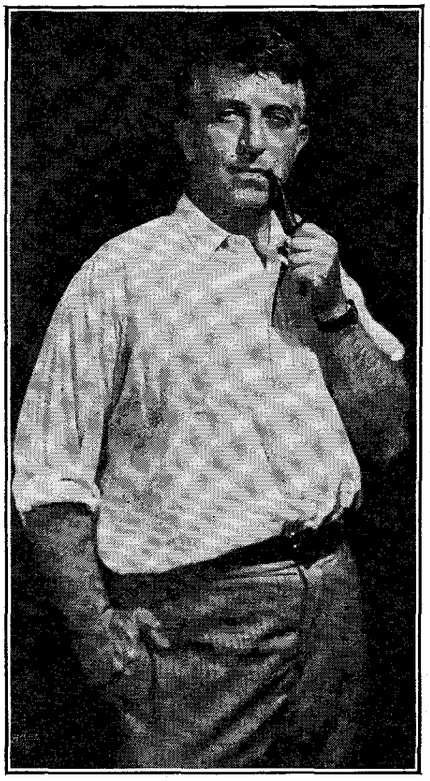
Willy Pogany

By ARTHUR STRAWN

WILLY POGANY is a decorative artist who combines the cheerfulness of the grasshopper with the practical industry of the ant. Discussions of dynamic symmetry, significant form and plastic value trouble him little. A self-taught artist of great versatility and popularity, he shrugs his shoulders at theories of aesthetics. With the simple creed that the artist's function is to create beauty wherever he can, Pogany devotes himself with equal gusto to etchings, stage designs, architecture, decoration and book illustration.

He is that rare artist who has never had a one-man exhibition of his works. Yet at each of the five international expositions at which examples of his work have been exhibited he has managed to come off with a gold medal, and seven years ago he was given the silver medal of the New York Society of Architects for his murals in the Children's Theatre of the Hecksher Foundation. Free of affectation and temperamental complexities, he regards his work much as a contented cobbler does his last. He does each job as best he can and if it also happens to be liked enough to win a medal or two that's so much to the good. William Morris's description of an artist as a workman happy at his task fits Pogany exactly.



WILLY POGANY

Pogany was born at Szezed, in the very center of the paprika industry of Hungary, forty-eight years ago. He studied to be a mechanical engineer at the Budapest Technical Institute, but while working in the engineering department of a railroad during the summer vacation decided that a routine existence working over blue prints was not for him. He liked to draw anyway, so he chucked engineering and entered the art school. In six weeks he came to the conclusion that there was no sense in going to art school either.

"Art isn't an exact science like engineering, where standards are set. I realized that every artist has to set his own standards, so why should I go to an art school and accept the standards of other people secondhand? I quit art school and began to paint by myself."

On the death of a rich sausage manufacturer of Budapest members of a lodge of which the deceased had been president asked Pogany to make a portrait of the man from a photograph. It was Pogany's first commission, and the result was so satisfactory that the widow ordered another for herself. Pogany received 60 florins (about $24 then) for the two pictures. With this he bought a new overcoat and a railroad ticket to Paris, entering the French capital with 18 francs in his pocket. After a few months of hardship he suddenly blossomed forth as a caricaturist for a half-dozen Parisian journals of humor. He decided that he ought to come to America, but on the way stopped for a visit in London. He stayed there ten years, gained a wide reputation for book illustrations and murals, married an English girl and it wasn't until 1914 that he resumed his long-interrupted journey to the United States.

His reputation, and a business manager with samples, had preceded him to these shores, so when Pogany arrived he found a number of commissions awaiting him. Except for the early days of struggle in Budapest and Paris, his course has been a smooth one, which probably accounts for Pogany's bubbling good humor. Of average height, one is surprised to discover that he weighs almost two hundred pounds, so solidly is he constructed. He keeps in condition by rowing in the summer and by climbing up and down ladders executing murals. He lives far uptown on the west side of Manhattan with his wife and two sons, but every morning before nine he is at work in his studio on Fifty-seventh street. He takes a street car and a bus to get to his "shop," although his older son sometimes drives him down. "When there isn't some young lady more deserving of attention," Pogany adds with a smile.

He manages to work anywhere from ten to fifteen hours every day and eats his dinner in the evening only when he accepts an invitation to dine at some one's home. By keeping hard at work right on into the night or early hours of the morning he got into that habit a few years ago and having found that such a routine didn't do him any harm, he has continued the practice ever since. His favorite amusement is chess and when he takes advantage of spare moments, you are apt to find him alone, pipe in mouth, bending close over a chessboard trying to solves some intricate problem. Except for two necessities of life—haircuts and suits of clothing—his family undertakes to do all his shopping for him. This arrangement not only saves valuable time, but it saves a great deal of money, for Pogany has developed little or no sales resistance. He falls an easy victim to the blandishments of shopmen and is apt to enter an establishment in search of such a simple item as a pocket handkerchief and come out loaded down with mufflers, gloves, neckties, and even a new cigar lighter.

An artist with many avenues of expression, he is perhaps best known for his book illustrations, many of which will undoubtedly find their way into numerous American and English homes this week. The recently published edition of the Rubaiyat marks the hundred-and-fifteenth book he has illustrated. When he illustrates a book he also designs it from cover to cover to insure its artistic unity. He has great facility and once won a wager that he could completely illustrate a book in a week. His industry and facility were so unusual that not only did he win the bet with time to spare, but when completed the book contained two hundred and eight black-and-white drawings.

The recently completed swimming pool at the St. George Hotel in Brooklyn, which incidentally cost more than a million dollars and is the largest in the world, was also designed by Pogany. By way of decorating the surroundings he covered the walls and the ceiling entirely with mirrors. "That gives a sense of vast spaciousness," explains Pogany. And then with a smile he added, "Besides, you'd be surprised to know how much pleasure people get out of looking at themselves!"

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Stokowski Directs the Philharmonic

By MARSHALL KERNOCHAN

BY AN arrangement between two great orchestras, two virtuosi of the baton are exchanging places for a fortnight. Each brings to the other's audience characteristics more or less fresh to their ears. To the Philadelphia band, Toscanini brings a new lyrical ease and repose; while, to the Philharmonic, Stokowski furnishes a less unfamiliar brilliancy and rhythmic vigor. His conducting is, technically, entirely admirable; his beat clear, forceful and restrained. While, in his tempi, he grows more and more inclined to harsh contrasts instead of nuances, he is, in the field of dynamics, the peer of any living conductor.

He chose, for his first appearance, a program rich in musical interest, consisting of Brahms's Fourth Symphony and orchestral arrangements of three Bach organ pieces—two of the *Choralvorspiele* and the great D minor Toccata and Fugue.

It was, in the main, a fine concert. Mr. Stokowski seated the orchestra in his usual way; all the players on the floor level and the strings redistributed—an arrangement somewhat increasing the string brilliancy, but militating against the wind division, except in forte passages.

In the Brahms symphony, the two middle movements were well done; but, in the first and last, the tempi were characterized by violent and theatrical changes quite foreign to the deliberate yet overwhelming sweep of the Brahms music. The cantabile theme of the first movement was taken at a sudden and extreme lento, a change which Brahms was himself quite capable of indicating in his score if he had so desired. The closing sections of this and the last movement were played at a breakneck pace destructive to all clarity and dignity. One of Brahms's greatest moments, the five portentous kettledrum beats, like hammerstrokes of Fate, which herald the final chord of the first movement, sounded much more like a recreant schoolgirl knocking timidly at her headmistress's door.

But the Bach—that was another story! All three pieces were superbly orchestrated and still more superbly performed. It is a large service that Mr. Stokowski does to his art, in bringing home so greatly to a concert audience the titanic grandeur and eloquence of which Bach was the master of masters. One seldom hears as fine a climax as that which Mr. Stokowski managed to build up at the conclusion of the fugue.

At the second concert we heard Sibelius' First Symphony and Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps*. It is to the everlasting shame of our conductors that we so rarely hear a symphony by Sibelius, the only really great master at present composing in this form. Vast, brooding and sombre as the dark pine forests of his native land, his best music is instinct with the language of Nature; this is true especially in his later symphonies, where certain pages attain an elemental quality. This is clearly foreshadowed even in this early symphony, with its savagely hammering rhythms and the germs of his later contempt for the purely saccharine.

It was, then, most praiseworthy for Mr. Stokowski to have put a large Sibelius work on his program. But praise must stop there, for Sibelius fared worse than did Brahms the previous week; since, whereas Brahms suffered merely in the matter of tempi, the Sibelius score was subjected to mutilations which did honor neither to the music nor to the author of the cuts.

The *Sacre*, familiarized by many hearings, is beginning to lose some of its glamour under our closer appraisal, for we are beginning to see that this piece, having but scant thematic or harmonic content, holds its own solely by virtue of the still pregnant and vital rhythms which made it unique at the time of its composition; also, we now realize that it has lengths. Soon, perhaps, we may even say that it dates.

It may not be amiss to add a word in needed condemnation of the Prussian edict by which, at an afternoon concert beginning at the inconveniently early hour of 2:30, hundreds of luckless souls, mostly women, even if but a minute late, perhaps through no fault of their own, were kept standing outside through the entire Sibelius symphony, fully forty-five minutes. There is no excuse for this except the whim of the prima-donna conductor. In most symphonies, the break between movements is a definite one. I have questioned many musicians of my acquaintance, and have found not one who is intolerant of admissions during these pauses. The objections are mainly from those who think that a reputation for culture may be acquired by adopting a precious and hypersensitive pose.

The situation might be, at least, bettered by beginning with a shorter number. Plenty of overtures are available.

The Penance of Eve Lavallière

(Continued from Page 653)

and thousands of houses in France just like the house she was looking for; but the self in her that wanted to expiate its sins in wandering and solitude made it seem to her eyes that there were none.

At last as her health faltered she was forced into such a house in the Vosges by Léona and her religious directors. Then after a moment she was again up and off, crying that she was guilty, that she must purge herself of sin, rushing across the Mediterranean to the land which, since France had failed to be sufficiently desolate, could be trusted to give her all the misery and discomfort she wanted. She struggled with the squalor of a Tunisian village and the rigors of medical missionary work until, joyously, she was defeated. The cries she emitted at this time have a curious quality.

"Pray," she writes on a scrap of paper to a nun, "Pray for your little child who is just seven years old! For I am just seven years old now! The rest is dead, dead."

Suddenly one seems to be looking along one of the streets that run down to Toulon harbour, barbarous, unpoliced as it must have been in the early seventies.

"I am happy," she cries out in a convulsion of agony, "not in spite of my sufferings but because of them."

With an incongruous wildness like a spendthrift at carnival, she lavished her money on charities. Between her child and herself there was now a complete separation. She was utterly given up to a sense of her sins.

"Lord, to create me, you drew me out of nothingness. And look into what a state of rottenness I've got your handiwork!"—and to enjoyment of her punishment. When on the tenth of July last year she died it was as if she had jumped into death like some poor wretch, whose clothing was on fire, might jump over a cliff into deep waters. At last she was *"shut up";* and on her grave she chose to have written, not Eugénie-Marie-Pascaline Feneglio, but Eve Lavallière. She had liked her destiny; she stuck by it.

What does her story mean? Very little, in one way. It seems absurd to think of anybody believing that a Supreme Being could possibly be very greatly distressed over a young woman's trivial encounters with baldish royalties, or that He could be placated because the said woman, years afterwards, deprived herself of chestnuts for dessert. Yet the story means a lot. Nobody knows what the true source of Eve Lavallière's misery was. The only possible explana-

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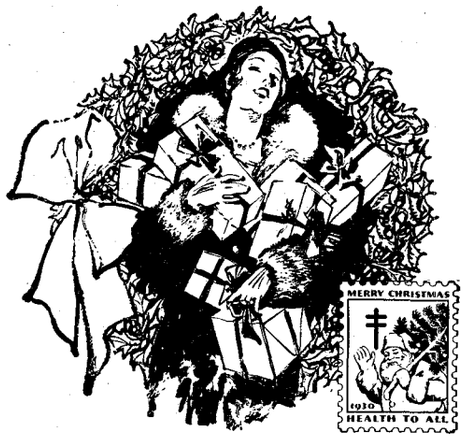

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tion that fits is provided by Freudian theory. If she had had so passionate an attachment to her father that she had sometimes indulged in fantasies in which he and she conspired to kill her mother, then her sense of guilt would have been aroused in a deep and powerful form when she saw her father kill her mother in reality, and bring death *on himself by doing so.*

But the world will have to be a great deal older before such agonies as Eve Lavallière's can be easily dispelled by the application of these theories; and it is worth while noting how the Roman Catholic Church handled the situation in the meantime. To begin with, the supernatural basis of its creed supplied the main need in Eve Lavallière's life, which was love. The distressing incapacity of the human race to provide that which it most insistently demands from itself was never more devastatingly exhibited than in this biography. Nobody loved Eve, except perhaps poor Léona, and certainly Eve loved nobody. The rather less than half an eye she gave to the atrocious situation of her child would be unlikeable did one not know her own situation. This human fault the conception of divine love immediately corrected. But the Roman Catholic Church did more than that. It admitted the existence of tragedy. It did not tell her to go away to a doctor and drink milk and have her intestines irrigated. It said, "Yes, you feel that you are covered with guilt, and that you are in need of salvation. Well, that feeling is as real as anything else in the universe."

So for twelve years it let her trail her astonishing message across France: that man is not a reasonable being: that he is yet a mystery to himself. No one can read the book without saying: "But this is myself. I too am sometimes visited with unaccountable griefs. Am I too indifferent to all those others who are likewise visited with unaccountable griefs? Am I too blind to reality because I am bound to something in my past that I have not been able to understand? Do I know so little of myself and my situation that when I comment on it my remarks strike others as instructive reactions like an animal's neighs and whinnies? Am I, in fact, so ignorant of my own nature that I should scrutinize every action of mine with the greatest caution lest I am obeying something primitive in me that makes me treacherous to every higher demand of reality? And am I, nevertheless, so precious that it is worth while going on living?"

For the extraordinary preciousness of Eve Lavallière is felt in every page; and it is not altogether a personal value. It is more the value that a baby has which would make one feel instinctively in a shipwreck that one must save it before a casket of jewels. One feels as one does about Pascal or Baudelaire that, unsatisfactory as she undoubtedly is, she is part of the point we have to prove if we are not to lose this argument humanity is having with the universe.

Watch Von Seeckt!

(Continued from Page 657)

that there might be a great deal, after all, in his statements. And while controversy raged, the 100,000 men of the German Reichswehr—who, by the terms imposed on Germany by the Allies, were to serve twelve years—came to the end of their service, and went back into civil life.

But, under Von Seeckt's intensive training, they had practically become 100,000 officers—military men to the marrow, capable of stepping into the command of companies, battalions and regiments at the first call to arms.

"What have we done?" asked many Frenchmen uneasily. "Have we, by limiting the Germans to an army of only 100,000 men, obliged to serve twelve years, actually given Germany the best-trained and most efficient force in Europe? Have we, in so doing, demonstrated the fallacy of our French theory of the necessity of vast armies in war? It looks as if the joke was on us." And the war of words went merrily on between the French military experts who thought Von Seeckt crazy and those who believed him the cleverest military theorist in the world.

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All this time, though, he was sitting innocently on the side-lines. He might talk a lot—but what could he do? To be sure, there were some Europeans (had been for years) monotonously chanting a little refrain which they had first started when the World War was scarcely over:

"Watch Von Seeckt!" it ran. But nobody paid any particular attention to them. Von Seeckt looked so innocent up there on the shelf!

Then, suddenly, last summer, the German Reichstag was dissolved by President Von Hindenburg, and Germany held an election for a new Reichstag which turned out an overwhelming triumph for the partisans of Hitler, the believers in scrapping the Versailles Treaty, sabotaging the Young Plan and turning post-war Europe topsy-turvy in the interests of German revenge against France. When the smoke cleared from the German polling-booths, Europe read, on the list of the members elected to the new Reichstag, the name of General Hans Von Seeckt. He did not come in as a Hitlerite, to be sure, but as one of the Reichstag's delegates from the People's Party, of which the late Dr. Gustav Stresemann (of Locarno-Dove-of-Peace fame) used to be the leader. But that little detail struck most European observers as being mere camouflage.

"Why is Von Seeckt in politics?" they asked, in alarm. "Is he going to try to become Germany's dictator?"

Paris knit its brows and Warsaw stirred uneasily and Prague rapped out a Czechoslovak cuss-word and—and, behind the walls of the Kremlin at Moscow, the Russian Bolsheviki rubbed their hands gleefully.

"Watch Von Seeckt!" they chortled. "Trouble coming!"

Uncensored Notes on Russia

(Continued from Page 660)

agrarian specialist, his wife, and their seven-year-old daughter. We fell into conversation at once. They told us of the rigid discipline governing food, wages, and manner of life and asked wistful questions about America, its life, its people. In a furtive aside, the young man said to me, "How fortunate you are!" Later, the doctor whispered fervently in my ear, "How I wish I could get out of all this!"

A month and a half after my return to Paris I received by mail from America the following emphatic notice: "The Consular Department of the People's Commissariat for Foreign Affairs notifies you that entrance into the U. S. S. R. has been REFUSED to you."

The All-America Guessing Bee

(Continued from Page 663)

Rival pickers, not wanting to admit that they never heard of Roughem or Orewash, jump on the bandwagon. Score another success for propaganda, applied persistently and shrewdly to attain a premeditated objective.

THE hypothetical case of Red Roughem, somewhat exaggerated for effect, is typical of the building up methods employed to create the All-America illusion, the propaganda whereby players who fall short of greatness are invested with an aura of the supernatural. The All-America racket caters to sectional vanity, local idols, and victorious coaches, but in view of the many serious problems which college football is facing, this business of exalting eleven men to the status of demigods is a relatively harmless parlor diversion.

It seems that the football fan, like the bathtub baby in the soap advertisement, can't be happy till he gets it—it being somebody's idea of the All-America team. Since ballyhoo, deliberate or unconscious, inevitably influences the selections, it follows that the self-effacing blocker, whose taking out of tacklers makes long gains possible, is frequently neglected in favor of the flashy ball carrier who crashes the headlines. This unfairness sometimes breeds dissension among the members of a team. The boys themselves have a sane sense of values, a realization that teamwork makes the star. They resent the glorification of show-offs and headline hunters at the expense of the unselfish team-worker. Honor roll pickers forget that a roving center is bound to look more flashy than one whose coach insists on a seven man defense. The latter player may be the better pivot of the two in the solid fundamentals of attack and defense.

Many a blazing star has been dimmed by coaching ineptitude, his genius hobbled by a kindergarten system of offense. Many a fair-to-middling halfback has been awarded the star spangled toga because he happened to lead the country in scoring. His opposition may have been softer than cream puffs but he is swept into football's pantheon on a wave of meaningless statistics.

Several unwritten laws govern the All-America racket. No team, for instance, is considered "official" unless it contains at least one Notre Dame player. Get the Irish vote at any cost. This "rule" applied to Yale before the bulldog lost its teeth. Another tenet, zealously adhered to except in unusual circumstances, holds that seniors must be given preference over juniors and

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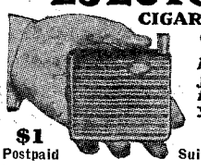

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sophomores. Indeed, a sophomore is virtually blacklisted. Coaches are not eager to have conceited youngsters on their hands for two seasons. A stuck-up sophomore might presume upon his All-America notoriety in a manner embarrassing to his teacher.

The number of so-called All-America headliners who have fizzled dismally when thrown to the professional lions testifies to the fallacy of our autumn hobby, yet in an age dedicated to malignant rackets this particular one is conspicuously benign. Picking mythical teams may be a mild phase of lunacy, but think of all the old grads it keeps out of mischief. The next time you suffer from insomnia just stare at the ceiling and start selecting an all star eleven. If you can stay awake long enough to recall the name of that Polack fullback your team will be just as truly an All-America outfit as the one so ostentatiously promulgated by the All-America Board of Coaches Incorporated and duly copyrighted.

Must We Resort to the Dole?

(Continued from Page 656)

ing our imports. We may very well ask, however, why we should not in fact greatly increase our imports; for there is no doubt that we could consume a great deal more imported commodities of various kinds than we do, in addition to a great deal more domestic commodities, if the people had the money to buy them. But when we say that the people would gladly go to work and make more goods for export, thus earning the money, we run head on into the same vicious circle that exists with respect to domestic goods.

Take for example the beet sugar industry. There are probably not more than 100,000 persons engaged in growing sugar beets in America. Their work is exceedingly hard, and even with the tariff on sugar the returns are very small. If the same amount of effort were applied to producing something else, which the inhabitants of low-cost producers in other countries would buy in exchange for cane sugar, their returns would be much greater, to say nothing of the benefit to the low-cost producers elsewhere, and to the American consumer. It was no doubt a foolish mistake ever to encourage them to enter such an uneconomic calling in the first place, but their industry must now continue to receive some sort of artificial stimulation until such time as a saner solution can be applied to their problem. Beet sugar is only one example of an industry which must for the time being receive artificial stimulation. There are several others, such as raw wool, woolen and cotton textiles, involving much larger numbers of workers.

Trying to reduce tariff walls is like trying to reduce armaments, only still more difficult. Most nations *think* they must maintain armies and navies; but as the system of tariff protection is gradually extended throughout the world to cover nearly all commodities, *all* nations *know* that they must adopt the same policy. Once the process goes beyond a certain point, it is as if the tariff-protected nations were mounted upon a clumsy sort of economic stilts, and the others must get stilts too in order to survive.

All the expert opinion of the world may protest against the foolish and vicious system, but the nations go blindly on, building the barriers higher and higher. What will be the eventual outcome it is not possible to foresee. It is difficult to conceive of the present tendency being prolonged indefinitely; but as a matter of dealing with realities rather than with what ought to be, we can hardly hope for any substantial mitigation of the evils of the system in the near future. For the time being, therefore, we must seek another method of expanding the market for our commodities.

What is to prevent us from increasing the purchasing power of our own population? We have done so in the past, with marked success, and may we not hope to continue the process in the future? The answer probably is that eventually we can and will, both by increasing wages and lowering prices, as in the past. But to begin the operation, especially during a period of depression, involves serious difficulties.

It is true that Henry Ford has on more than one occasion actually increased wages and very shortly thereafter reduced the price of his product. He was able to do so because of the fact that his industry was expanding so rapidly that increased output soon resulted in a lowering of production costs. Meantime his profit margins and reserves were great enough to withstand the temporary reduction. But who could be expected to undertake such a daring experiment in an industry no longer promising any considerable expansion —such as textiles, coal, agriculture, or even automobiles? As in the classic story of the rats passing resolution to take action for their security, who'll bell the cat?

Let us suppose, however, that wages actually were raised, fabulously, to the minimum of $27 a day predicted by Mr. Ford for the year 1950. Let us suppose further, that productive efficiency will go on increasing, so that fewer and fewer workers are required to grow or make the national output of commodities, and that no more effort is made to take up the slack in employment than in the past. What then? Would not the inevitable result be the creation of a growing section of the population absolutely without means of livelihood? It is hardly conceivable that the already overmanned distribution system could absorb a relatively greater number of wage earners, or that new services would provide employment on a scale greater than that of the past ten years. Consequently we should at last find the country in the position of having the employed part of the population living in undreamed of luxury, while the others, increasing in numbers, would be starving or living as parasites.

In recently published discussions of what has come to be referred to as technological unemployment, the writers have almost invariably hastened to conclude their analyses with the assurance that the problem is not really serious, that it will in fact solve itself. They point to specific industries which by the installation of labor-saving machinery have so greatly reduced production costs that they are able to dispose of a larger output at reduced prices, thus making it possible to employ an even larger number of workers than before. Other instances mentioned are of industries which have led to the development of widespread services, automobiles being the classic example. Any number of individual cases may be cited to prove the point, until totals are brought into consideration.

Now all these developments have in

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in the Outlook of December 20, 1950

The president of the Hairdressers League deplored the complete disappearance of the boyish bob, the Elihu Root bang, the Anita Loos tangle and the Albert Einstein Northern Lights.

It is estimated that 97 per cent of all slow pay debtors in the city of Manetta are alleging that their funds are tied up in the bank whose doors were closed last Thursday by the State Banking Department.

"In my entire professional career as public relations engineer," declared Bernard Ivy, "I have never advised a client to secure publicity either by making a personal attack from the pulpit or heckling a preacher in a cathedral."

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fact taken place—to a certain extent. If they had not, the number of unemployed, even in the first half of 1929, would have reached disastrous proportions. The vital question is: Have they occurred on a scale wide enough to take up the slack in employment for the country as a whole? From a consideration of the figures quoted above, which apply to the period of our greatest apparent prosperity and take no account of the present depression, the answer is obviously in the negative.

In the light of what has been happening during the last ten years, is it reasonable—is it not on the contrary as foolish as the proverbial behavior of the ostrich—to expect that the problem of unemployment will solve itself? With all the exceptional circumstances of the period it has not done so, and in the exercise of ordinary business prudence we can hardly expect to find conditions in the future even as favorable as in the past.

What may be expected to happen if the forces making for maladjustment are allowed to continue to throw potential wage earners out of work? Will not some form of unemployment insurance become unavoidable? The sentimental abhorrence of the American public for widespread suffering will force it. There is no intention here to argue that unemployment insurance is wrong in principle. With an organization geared to use it only in absolute emergencies, it is doubtless a sound and necessary element of the modern economic structure. England and Germany have resorted to it in a laudable effort at social betterment. But in the past ten years, thanks partly to the disorganization resulting from the War and partly to the increasing numbers of workers displaced by the so-called "rationalization" of industry, it has become, through no fault of the unfortunates who are forced to depend on it, the demoralizing dole. Demoralizing because large numbers of people are maintained in idleness at a miserable standard of living. We in America are headed straight for it, probably in its most unscientific form, unless we take measures to attack the problem of unemployment at its source and on a nation-wide scale. The nature and scope of such measures will constitute the subject of a second article.

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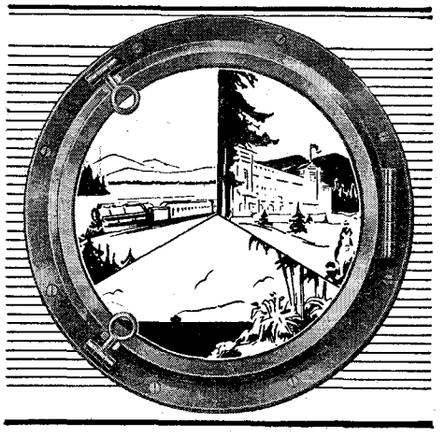

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With Our Readers

Lindbergh and the Press

To the Editor: *Rochester, N. Y.*

SIR—The title of the article, "What's Wrong with Lindbergh," should have been changed to "What's Wrong with the Newspaper Readers of America."

The public thinks it wants Lindbergh to serve them applesauce dessert along with the aviation meat, but they would be disappointed if they did get their applesauce. They would accuse him of wanting personal publicity.

I am glad Lindbergh is not romantic. Only people with colorless lives are romantic. A person who lives a romance takes it as a matter of course. I like the way Lindbergh capitalizes his popularity into aviation publicity. I like the Lindberghs' studied poses before the camera; I approve of Lindy's guarded attitude towards the press. If all great or near greats followed their examples, there would be fewer crazy "remarkable remarks" in your magazine.

I like to think that there are a number of reporters who admire Lindbergh for being exactly what he is. Aren't they tired of personal publicity hounds, who would tell their most intimate secrets in order to get on the front page?

Can't the press see that Lindbergh—youngest colonel in America, perhaps the most interesting youngster of this post-war generation—is a "human interest story" all by himself, even if he does not talk like a movie hero about his wife, Senator Morrow, and the baby?

MURIEL BOWERS.

Football as a Vocation

To the Editor: *Philadelphia*

SIR—I hope some one more able than I will stop swearing or laughing long enough to comment on "Football as a Vocation." Mr. Cagle's article is the best argument I have ever read for more stringent entrance requirements to our colleges and universities. I know how easy it is to graduate from our "schools of higher learning" without, in any way, being educated, but I did not suppose it possible to attend any of these sources of wisdom for nearly eight long years without becoming at least vaguely conscious of the reasons and purposes underlying these institutions . . . .

EDWARD M. MCNAMEE.

A New Code of Law

To the Editor: *San Diego*

SIR—Recognized as having been, especially during the early part of his reign, one of the world's greatest administrators, Napoleon said:

"My one code, by its simplicity, has done more good in France, than the mass of all the laws that preceded me. Under my reign crimes were rapidly decreasing; whilst among our neighbors, the English, they increased in a frightful manner. And that is enough to pronounce definitely upon the respective administrations.

"And see in the United States how without effort, everything prospers, how happy and peaceful everything is there; it is in reality the public will and interests which govern there. Put the same government at war with the will, the interests of all, and you will immediately see what confusion and what increase of crimes will ensue."

The fairness with which Napoleon compares the efficiency of his government with that of England will be appreciated when we know to what extent crime prevailed in the two countries during the early part of the nineteenth century.

The population of France, in 1801, was 34,000,000 and the number condemned to death was 882, or 2.6 per hundred thousand; in 1811, the population had increased to 42,000,000 and the number executed for crimes reduced to only 392, less than one out of each one hundred thousand of its population. The corresponding statistics for England are as follows: Population in 1801, 16,000,000, condemned to death 3400, or 18.9 per hundred thousand; in 1811, population 17,000,000, and condemned to death 6400, or 37.6 per hundred thousand.

Napoleon's prophecy as to what would ensue in the United States, should the government become at war with the will of the people, has evidently come true. England saw the error of her ways and has remedied them. Let us hope that in time we will be wise enough to do likewise. Is it too much to ask of the Wickersham Commission that it at least indicate how we may be rid of the confused mass of conflicting and obsolete laws, under which we are struggling to exist, and substitute therefor a simple criminal code, under which innocent citizens may live?

DOUGLAS SETTLE.

Time to Change Tactics

To the Editor: *Rockingham, Vt.*

SIR—You have been doing most efficient work on the wrecking crew; the recent election results indicate that a considerable dent has been made although the drys still refuse to see the obvious.

The history of every important war clearly indicates that there often comes a times when the board of strategy finds it of advantage to change the plans of the campaign. Is it not time now for a change in tactics?

If your only purpose is to defeat the drys and to restore the old saloon conditions, why, keep right along with your present methods. This I trust is not your purpose; I am optimist enough to hope that not only do you propose to abolish the present prohibition humbug and menace, but that you also hope to assist in setting up some plan or method of handling the manufacture, sale and consumption of alcoholic beverages so that the present abuses will not be continued and the former abuses will be avoided. This I will readily admit is a large order.

It seems to the undersigned that the time has come to direct public attention to constructive considerations of the problem. Granted that the time of change is nearer than before the recent elections, who has offered a plan of procedure? To whom is the drafting of the plans to be entrusted? How can the proper uses of alcoholic beverages be guaranteed? How can the abuses be avoided? How are habitual drunkards to be stopped from obtaining liquor? How is it to be obtained for proper medicinal use? Is it to be dispensed by federal or state governments or not? Will high license be repeated or better a method of requiring dealers to give bonds for the observance of all necessary laws and regulations?

The writer is of the opinion that a high license system leads to abuses, the dealer taking every chance he dares for the sale of his wares; if on the other hand he was obliged to put up United States or state bonds as a guarantee that he would observe the law, these bonds to be forfeited upon conviction of illegal sale, then he would be under a powerful restraint to carefully observe the law.

It seems that the laws and regulations to be adopted should be designed so as to allow a proper amount of freedom or personal liberty in the use of alcoholic liquids consistent with the established principles of American freedom; likewise there should be sufficient state or federal control so that the abuses which have for long years attended the liquor business may be held in check. It seems that it should not be made easy, rather should be made a little difficult to obtain hard liquors other than for proper medicinal use, but it should not be made impossible for the average law abiding citizen to have a pint of liquor in his home.

Is not this whole problem very similar to the slavery question which was not solved by peaceful methods and councils but by a bloody civil war. Are there not any level-headed patriots between the two extremes of wet and dry who can solve this prohibition question so that the country can have a chance to take up some other important public matters?

HARRY KING.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

To the Editor: *Livermore Falls, Me.*

SIR—In all seriousness allow me to urge you who are trying so futilely to publish a magazine to abandon your attempts and seek work more befitting your abilities.

As the Outlook and Independent is today, it is neither a periodical with a broad and wholesome outlook, nor can it be called independent in its views. It is just a small copy of some New York papers that are considered "smart" by a small coterie of faded radicals and washed-out liberals.

Compared with several of the more constructive journals, your editorials are hopelessly weak and ineffective. Most of your special articles are not worth reading to a busy man. Gentlemen, you are failing to keep up with the times. The demise of the Outlook and Independent would be a social benefit.

WENDELL F. FARRINGTON.

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